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# SONGS OF ZION

ENLARGED.

## A MANUAL

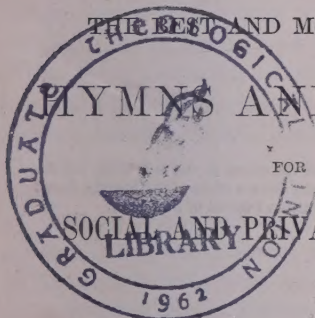
OF

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.



Let the people praise thee, O God ; let all the people praise thee.



PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

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## PREFACE.

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THE SONGS OF ZION, as first published, aimed to supply a want, felt and expressed in all parts of the country, of a manual fitted for general use, especially in meetings for prayer and in the family circle—compact, convenient, and cheap, and at the same time comprising most of the hymns and tunes that are established favorites with Christians of every name. It has been eminently successful and useful. This revised edition, under the title, SONGS OF ZION ENLARGED, contains the hymns and tunes of the former work, a few tunes only being exchanged for more useful ones; and other choice hymns and tunes are added, making a volume twice as large as the other, but of the same character.

To assist the people of God in his worship, and to promote the salvation of souls, are the great objects to which, in making this selection, every other consideration has been subordinated. It is believed that the experienced worshipper will recognize at almost every page the music and poetry that are interwoven with his deepest hopes and joys, like words of holy writ. The

## PREFACE.

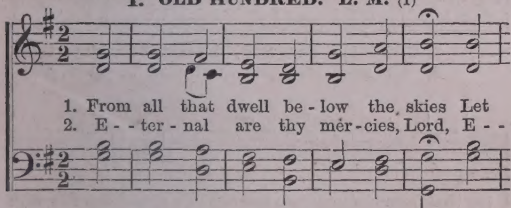
tastes and partialities of all have been regarded in the choice of tunes and hymns, and it is hoped there are none in this volume which Christians will "willingly let die." The hymns have been kept in their most authentic form; and the tunes have been changed from the current arrangement as seldom and as slightly as was consistent with the laws of harmony.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the Christian liberality of various living composers and the respected publishers of their valuable works, in generously allowing the insertion of their choicest copy-right tunes in this selection. Such acknowledgments are especially due to Dr. LOWELL MASON and to Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, who have given many of their choicest tunes; also to Professors BRADBURY, KINGSLEY, ROOT, KINGSBURY, and others. The tunes of which a copy-right is claimed are designated in the Index at the close. May those who wrote and all who shall sing these Songs of Zion unite in the triumphant hallelujahs of heaven.

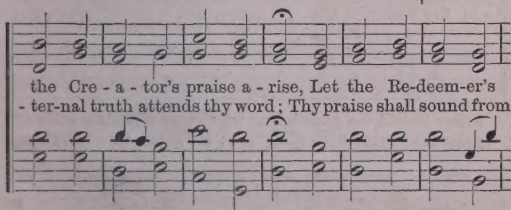
The numbers enclosed in brackets refer to the same hymns in the smaller edition.

# SONGS OF ZION.

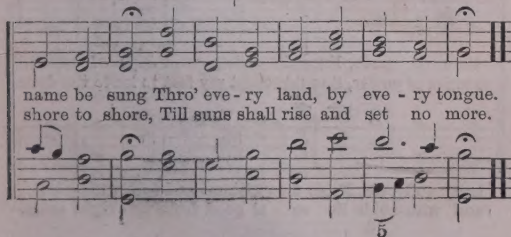
## 1. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (1)



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let  
2. E - - ter - nal are thy mē - cies, Lord, E - -



the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise, Let the Re-deem-er's  
- ter-nal truth attends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from



name be sung Thro' eve - ry land, by eve - ry tongue.  
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



## 2. STONEFIELD. L. M. (2) STANLEY.

1. Great God! at - tend, while Zi - on sings The  
 2. Might I en - joy the mean-est place With-

3. God is our Sun, he makes our day; God  
 4. All need - ful grace will God be - stow, And

joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with  
 - in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor

is our Shield, he guards our way From all th' assaults of  
 crown that grace with glory too: He gives us all things

thee on earth, Exceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.  
 thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

hell and sin, From foes without and foes with - in.  
 and with-holds No re - al good from up - right souls.

5. O God our King, whose sov'reign sway  
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
 And devils at thy presence flee,  
 Blest is the man who trusts in thee. Watts.



### 3. THE GREATNESS OF GOD. L. M. (3)

1. My God, my King, thy various praise  
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
 Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of every hour shall bear  
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
 And every setting sun shall see  
 New works of duty, done for thee.
- But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :  
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
 Vast and immortal be thy praise. Watts.



### 4. UNIVERSAL PRAISE TO GOD.

1. LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord  
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell ;  
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,  
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.
2. Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
 Make the Creator's name be known :  
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
 And sound it lofty as his throne.
3. JEHOVAH ! 't is a glorious word :  
 Oh, may it dwell on every tongue :  
 But saints, who best have known the Lord,  
 Are bound to raise the noblest song. Watts.

## 5. MONMOUTH. L. M.

1. He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns; Praise

The first system of musical notation for the song '5. MONMOUTH. L. M.'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns; Praise' are written below the treble staff.

him in e - van - - gel - ic strains: Let the whole

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'him in e - van - - gel - ic strains: Let the whole' are written below the treble staff.

earth in songs re - joice, And dis - tant isl - ands

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'earth in songs re - joice, And dis - tant isl - ands' are written below the treble staff.

join their voice, And dis - tant isl - ands join their voice.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble staff, and the accompaniment ends with a double bar line in the bass staff. The lyrics 'join their voice, And dis - tant isl - ands join their voice.' are written below the treble staff.

2. Deep are his counsels, and unknown;  
But grace and truth support his throne:  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
3. In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
4. His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight and shun the day:  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh. Watts.

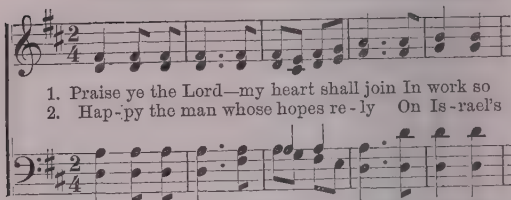


## 6. PSALM ONE HUNDREDTH. L. M.

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,  
Come ye before him and rejoice.
2. Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid he did us make:  
We are his flock, he doth us feed,  
And for his sheep he doth us take.
3. O enter then his gates with praise,  
Approach with joy his courts unto:  
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
4. For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

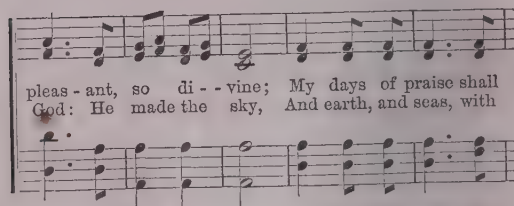
## SONGS OF ZION.

7. MALVERN. L. M. (4) L. MASON.



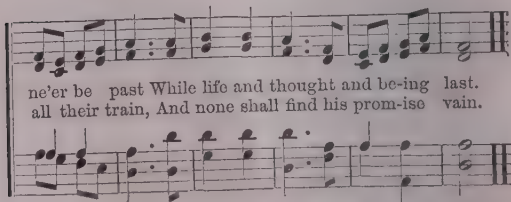
1. Praise ye the Lord—my heart shall join In work so  
2. Hap-py the man whose hopes re-ly On Is-rael's

3. His truth for ev - er stands secure; He saves th'op-  
4. He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the



pleas - ant, so di - vine; My days of praise shall  
God: He made the sky, And earth, and seas, with

pressed, he feeds the poor; He helps the stran-ger  
wick - ed down to hell: Thy God, O Zi - on,



ne'er be past While life and thought and be-ing last.  
all their train, And none shall find his prom-ise vain.

in dis - tress, The wid-ow and the fa - ther - less.  
ev - er reigns; Praise him in ev - er - last-ing strains.



## 8. GOODNESS OF GOD. L. M. (5)

1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise:  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
3. 'T is he, my soul, who sent his Son,  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

Watts.



## 9. GOD WORTHY OF FAITH. L. M. (6)

1. PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid  
To Him who earth's foundations laid;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.
2. Whence then should doubts and fears arise?  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?  
Slowly, alas, the mind receives  
The comforts that our Maker gives.
3. Oh for a strong, a lasting faith  
To credit what th' Almighty saith—  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own.
4. Then, should the earth's foundations shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls shall fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Watts.

## 10. HARWELL. 8s &amp; 7s. (7) L. MASON.

1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voi-ces Sound the  
Je-sus reigns, and heaven re-joi - ces; Je - sus

2. { Je-sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - -  
Lord of life, thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers, and

CHOR. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

END.

notes of praise a - bove; } See, he sits on yon-der  
reigns, the God of love; }  
bove and gives it worth; } When we think of love like  
charms thy saints on earth: }

-lu - jah, A - - men.

D. C.

throne; Je - - sus rules the world a - - lone:  
thine, Lord; we own it love di - - vine:

D. C.

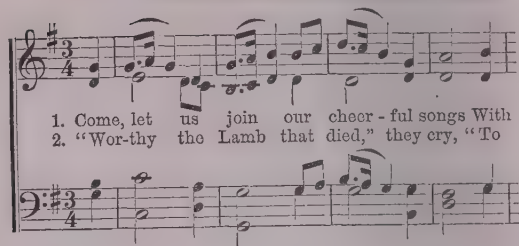
3. King of glory, reign for ever—  
 Thine an everlasting crown:  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own:  
 Happy objects of thy grace,  
 Destined to behold thy face.  
 Hallelujah! etc.
4. Saviour, hasten thine appearing;  
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,  
 When, the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,  
 "Glory, glory to our King."  
 Hallelujah! etc. Kelly.



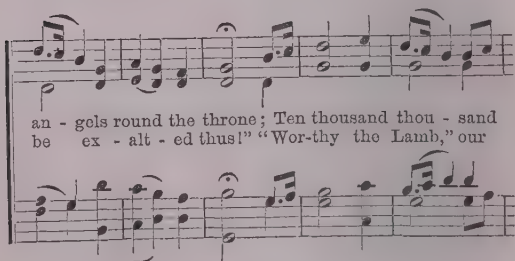
11. PRAISE TO GOD. 8s & 7s. (8)

1. PRAISE to God the great Creator;  
 Praise to God from every tongue:  
 Join, my soul, with every creature,  
 Join the universal song.  
 Father, source of all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine:  
 Hail the God of our salvation!  
 Praise him for his love divine.
2. Joyfully on earth adore him,  
 Till in heaven our song we raise;  
 Then, enraptured, fall before him,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise:  
 Praise to God the great Creator,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;  
 Praise him, every living creature,  
 Earth and heaven's united host. Fawcett.

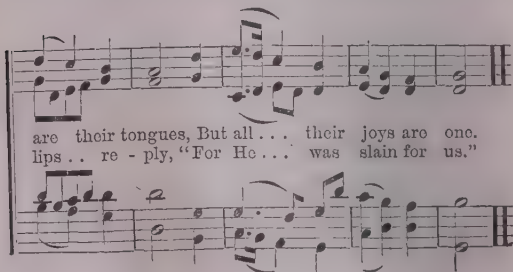
## 12. ST. MARTINS. C. M. (9) TANSUR.



1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With  
 2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To



an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thou - sand  
 be ex - alt - ed thus!" "Wor - thy the Lamb," our



are their tongues, But all . . . their joys are one.  
 lips . . re - ply, "For He . . . was slain for us."

3. Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air and earth and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And sing thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

Watts.



## 13. THE NEW SONG. C. M. (10)

1. BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amidst his Father's throne:  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
2. Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around;  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
3. Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
4. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.

Watts.



## 14. MANOAH. C. M.

1. In all my vast concerns with thee, In  
2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My

3. My thoughts lie o - pen to the Lord Be -

vain my soul would try... To shun thy presence,  
ris - ing and my rest,.. My pub - lic walks, my

fore they're formed within;.. And ere my lips pro -

Lord, or flee The no - tice of thine eye.  
pri - vate ways, And se - crets of my breast.

nounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
5. So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

Watts.

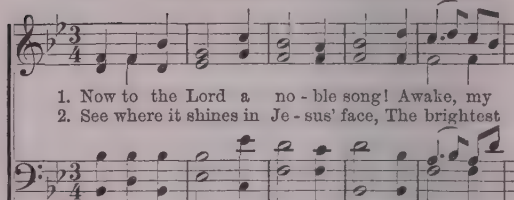


## 15. GOD'S ETERNAL DOMINION. C. M.

1. GREAT God, how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made:  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
3. Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.
4. Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Great God, there's nothing new.
5. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

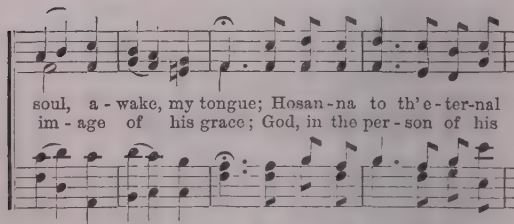
Watts.

## [16. MIGDOL. L. M. (11) L. MASON.



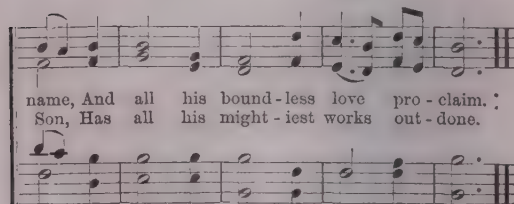
1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! Awake, my  
2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest

3. The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the  
4. But in his looks a glo - ry stands, The no-blest



soul, a - wake, my tongue; Hosan-na to th'e - ter - nal  
im - age of his grace; God, in the per - son of his

wise and power - ful God; And thy rich glo - ries from a -  
la - bor of thy hands: The pleasing lus - tre of his



name, And all his bound - less love pro - claim. :  
Son, Has all his might - iest works out - done.

far Spar - kle in eve - - ry roll - ing star.  
eyes Out - shines the won - ders of the skies.

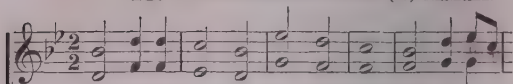
5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
6. Oh, may I reach that happy place  
Where he unveils his lovely face,  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold. Watts.



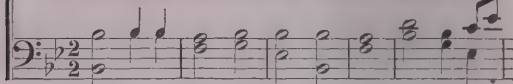
### 17. WONDERS OF GRACE. L. M. (12)

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown;  
His mercies ever will endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
He fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
4. He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within;  
His mercies ever will endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more.
5. He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt and darkness and the grave:  
Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song. Watts.

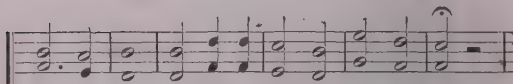
## 18. CAMBRIDGE. C. M. (13) RANDALL.



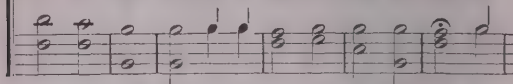
1. Sal - vation! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleasure  
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark



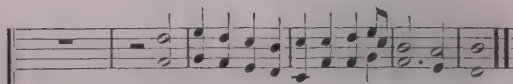
3. Sal - vation! let the ech - o fly The spacious



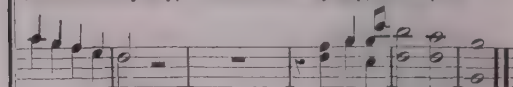
to our ears! A sovereign balm for eve - ry wound, A  
 door we lay; But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To



earth a-round, While all the ar - mies of the sky. Con -



cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for, etc.  
 see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day, To see, etc.



spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, etc.



## 19. CHRIST'S KINGDOM. C. M. (14)

1. JOY to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground:  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

Watts.

(See also ANTIOCH, p. 127.)



## 20. WORSHIP. C. M. (15)

1. SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
2. With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
3. Come, and with humble souls adore;  
Come, kneel before his face:  
Oh may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace.

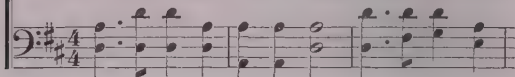
Watts

## 21. SUDBURY. 7s.

T. CLARK.



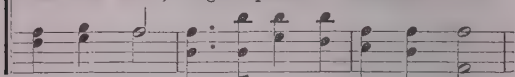
1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with halle -
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of



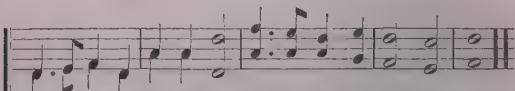
3. Heav'n and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall



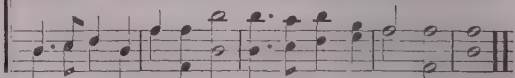
lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun,  
Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when he



crown that day: God will make new heav'ns and earth;



When he spake, and it was done, When he spake, and it was done.  
Captive led cap-tiv - i - ty, Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty.



Songs of praise shall hail their birth, Songs of praise, etc.

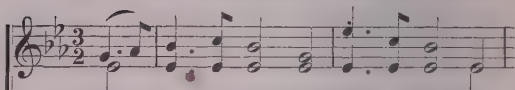
4. And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No; the church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
  5. Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
  6. Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then, amid eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.
- Montgomery.



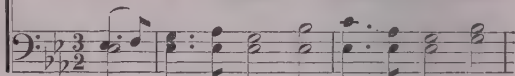
## 22. PRAISE FOR THE INCARNATION. 7s.

1. SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To his birth and cross and shame.
  2. When he came, the angels sung,  
"Glory be to God on high;"  
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;  
Who should louder sing than I?
  3. No, I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are and weak;  
For should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.
  4. O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
Every precious name in one,  
I will love thee without end.
- Newton.

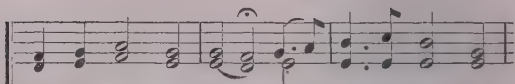
## 23. FOUNTAIN. C. M. (16) L. MASON.



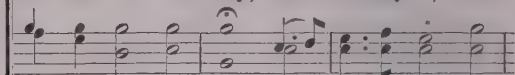
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn  
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That



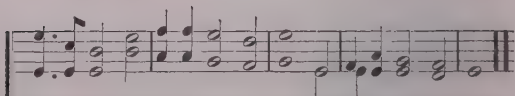
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall



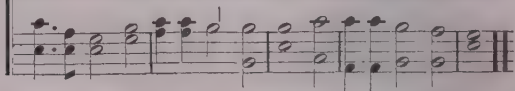
from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners plunged be -  
 foun-tain in his day; And there may I, as



nev - er lose its power, Till all the ran-somed



neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their, etc.  
 vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away.



church of God Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.

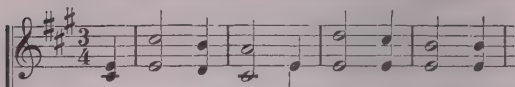
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave. Cowper.



#### 24. REDEMPTION. C. M. (17)

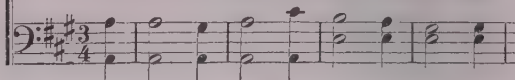
1. PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and—O amazing love!—  
He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains;  
Jesus has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
5. Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak. Watts.

## 35. PHILADELPHIA. L. M. (17) ROSSINI.

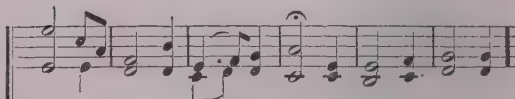


1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where

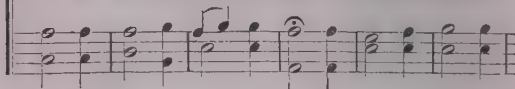
2. And can no sove-reign balm be found? And



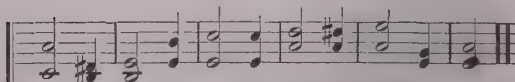
3. There is a great Phy - si - cian near; Look



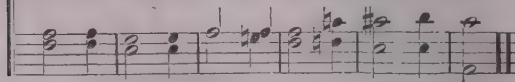
shall the sin - ner find a cure? In vain, a - las, is  
is no kind phy - si - cian nigh, To ease the pain and



up, O faint-ing soul, and live! See in his heavenly



na - ture's aid; The work ex - ceeds all na - ture's power.  
heal the wound, Ere life and hope for ev - er fly?



smiles ap - pear Such ease as na - ture can - not give!

4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow:  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

Steele.

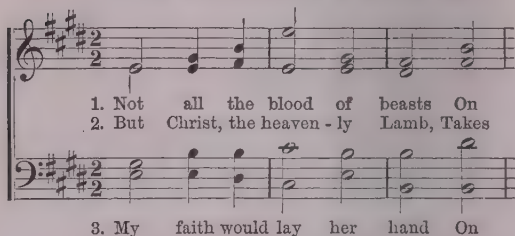


**26. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. (19)**

1. WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone of all the train  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode—  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
4. Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose—  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!
5. It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

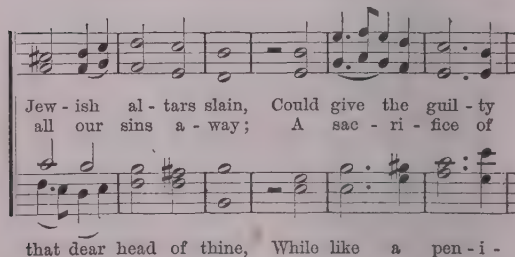
H. K. White.

## 27. WATCHMAN. S. M. (20) LEACH.



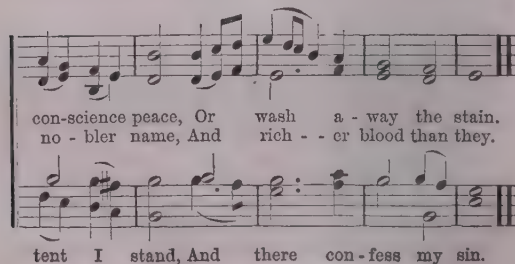
1. Not all the blood of beasts On  
 2. But Christ, the heaven - ly Lamb, Takes

3. My faith would lay her hand On



Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could give the guil - ty  
 all our sins a - way; A sac - ri - fice of

that dear head of thine, While like a pen - i -



con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.  
 no - bler name, And rich - - er blood than they.

tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.



4. My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
5. Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove:  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love. Watts.



## 28. SALVATION THROUGH CHRIST. S. M. (21)

1. RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
2. Sing how eternal Love  
Its chief Belovéd chose,  
And bade him raise our ruined race  
From their abyss of woes.
3. His hand no thunder bears,  
No terror clothes his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
4. 'T was mercy filled the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by,  
When Christ was sent with pardons down  
To rebels doomed to die.
5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace. Watts.

## 29. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. (22) HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me  
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful -

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me  
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must

hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the  
fil the law's demands: Could my zeal no res - pito

from its guilt and power.  
save, and thou a - lone.

blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,  
know, Could my tears for ev - - er flow,

3. Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady.

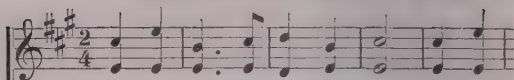


## 30. INVITATION. 7s. (23)

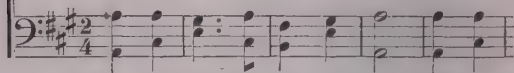
1. FROM the cross, uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear  
Bursting on the ravished ear:  
“Love’s redeeming work is done;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”
2. “Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On my piercéd body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid;  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”
3. “Soon the days of life shall end;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day—  
Up to my eternal home:  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!”

Haweis.

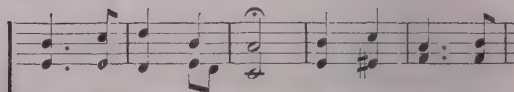
## 31. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (24)



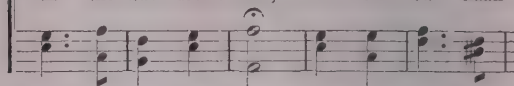
1. Now be - gin the heavenly theme, Sing a -  
 2. Ye who see the Fa-ther's grace Beam-ing



3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Ban-ish



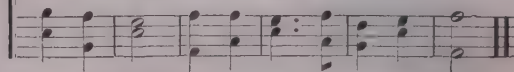
loud in Je - sus' name; Ye who Je - sus'  
 in the Sav - iour's face, As to Ca - naan



all your guil - ty fears; See your guilt and



kind-ness prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.  
 on ye move, Praise and bless re-deem-ing love.



curse re - move, Can-celled by re-deem-ing love.

4. Ye, alas, who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
5. Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string:  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love. Madan's Col.



### 32. BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR. 7s. (25)

1. HARK, the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."
2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
3. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,  
Hail th' incarnate Deity;  
Pleased as man with men t' appear—  
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
4. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
Hail the Sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.
5. Mild he lay his glory by—  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth. Rippon's Col.

## 33. MARTYN. 7s, Double. S. B. MARSH.

1. { Ma - - ry to the Sav - iour's tomb  
 Spice she brought and sweet per - fume,  
 2. { But her sor - rows quick - ly fled  
 Christ had ris - - en from the dead;

Trem - bling, while a crys - tal flood  
 Ye who weep for Je - - sus' sake,

Hast - ed at the car - ly dawn; }  
 But the Lord she loved had gone; } For a while she  
 When she heard his welcome voice: }  
 Now he bids her heart re - joice: } What a change his

Is - sued from her weeping eyes.  
 He will wipe your tears a - way.

lin - gering stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise;  
 word can make, Turn - ing darkness in - to day!

D. C.

**34. THE LORD IS RISEN. 7s.**

1. CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!  
Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won:  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ has opened paradise.  
Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Cudworth.

**35. THE THREE MOUNTAINS. 7s.**

1. WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.  
When in ecstasy sublime  
Tabor's glorious mount I climb,  
In the too transporting light  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
2. When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace;  
Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away:  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

Montgomery.

## 36. HIDING-PLACE. L. M. (26) HASTINGS.

1. Hail, sovereign Love, that first be - gan The  
2. A - gainst the God that rules the sky I

scheme to res - cue fall - en man! Hail,  
fought with hands up - lift - ed high; De -

matchless, free, e - ter-nal grace, That gave my soul a  
spised the of - fers of his grace, Too proud to seek a

hid-ing-place, That gave my soul a hid-ing-place.  
hid-ing-place, Too proud to seek a hid-ing-place.



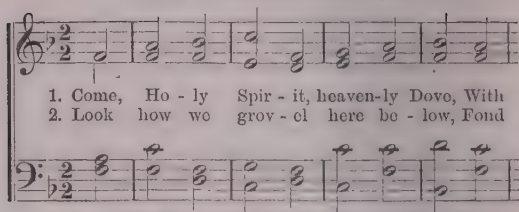
3. But thus th' eternal counsel ran:  
 "Almighty love, arrest the man;"  
 I felt the arrows of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding-place.
4. Vindictive Justice stood in view,  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
 "This mountain is no hiding-place."
5. But lo, a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And Mercy's angel soon appeared;  
 Who led me on, a pleasing pace,  
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.
6. On him almighty vengeance fell,  
 Which must have sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for his chosen race—  
 And now he is my hiding-place. Brewer.



### 37. BELIEVE, AND BE SAVED. L. M. (27)

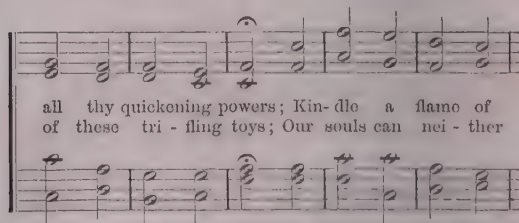
1. NOT to condemn the sons of men,  
 Did Christ the Son of God appear;  
 No weapons in his hands are seen,  
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
2. Such was the pity of our God,  
 He loved the race of man so well,  
 He sent his Son to bear our load  
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
 Trust in his mighty name, and live;  
 A thousand joys his lips afford,  
 His hands a thousand blessings give. Watts.

## 38. DUNDEE. C. M. (28)



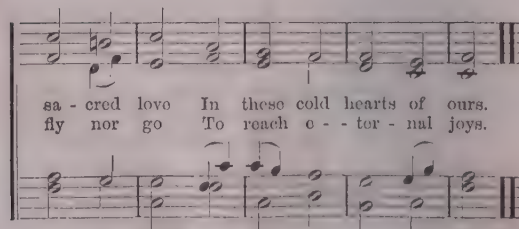
1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With  
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In



all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of  
of these tri - fling toys; Our souls can nei - ther

vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish



sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
fly nor go To reach e - - ter - nal joys.

on our tongues, And our do - vo - tion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate—  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Watts.

**39. HEALING MERCY IMploRED. C. M. (29)**

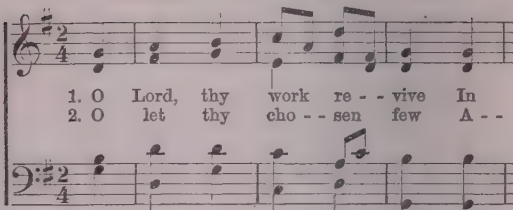
1. HEAL us, Emmanuel; here we stand  
Waiting to feel thy touch;  
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand:  
Blest Saviour, we are such.
2. Remember him who once applied,  
With trembling, for relief:  
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
“O help my unbelief.”
3. She too who touched thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, “Daughter, go in peace;  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
4. Like her, with hopes and fears we come  
To touch thee, if we may;  
O send us not despairing home,  
Send none unhealed away.

Cowper.

**40. DOXOLOGY. C. M.**

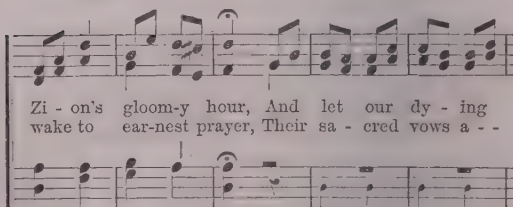
TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God, whom we adore,  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## 41. SHIRLAND. S. M. (30) STANLEY.



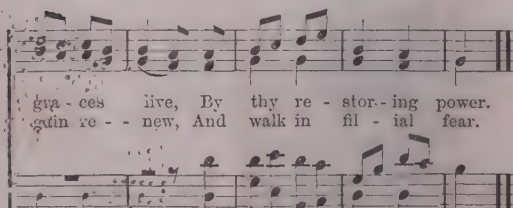
1. O Lord, thy work re - - vive In  
2. O let thy cho - - sen few A - -

3. Thy Spir - - it then will speak Through



Zi - on's gloom-y hour, And let our dy - ing  
wake to ear-nest prayer, Their sa - cred vows a - -

lips of fee - ble clay, Till hearts of ad - a - -



gra - ces live, By thy re - stor - ing power.  
again re - - new, And walk in fil - ial fear.

mant shall break, Till reb - els shall o - - bey.

4. Now lend thy gracious ear,  
 And listen to our cry;  
 Oh come and bring salvation near—  
 Our souls on thee rely. Spir. Songs.
- 

#### 42. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. S. M. (31)

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come!  
 Let thy bright beams arise;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.
  2. Convince us of our sin,  
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
 And to our wondering view reveal  
 The secret love of God.
  3. Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove;  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never-dying love.
  4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life in every part,  
 And new-create the whole.
  5. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free;  
 Then shall we know and praise and love  
 The Father, Son, and thee. Hart.
- 

#### 43. DOXOLOGY. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,  
 And saints that dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

## 44. PLEADING. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. { Now the Sav - iour stand-eth plead-ing  
 { Now in heaven he's in - ter - ced-ing,  
 2. { Sin - ner, hear your God and Sav-iour,  
 { Turn from all your vain be - hav-ior,  
 Once he died thro' your be - hav-ior,  
 See what kind - ness, love, and pit - y

END.

At the sin - ner's bolt-ed heart; {  
 Tak-ing there the sin - ner's part: { Sin - ner, can you  
 Hear his gra-cious voice to - day, {  
 Oh re-pent, re - turn, and pray. { Now he's wait-ing  
 Now he calls you by his charms.  
 Shine a-round on you and me.

D. C.

hate this Sav-iour? Will you thrust him from your arms?  
 to be gra-cious, Now he stands and looks on thee:  
 D. C.

## 45. THE SPIRIT IN OUR HEARTS. S. M.

TUNE SHIRLAND, 41.

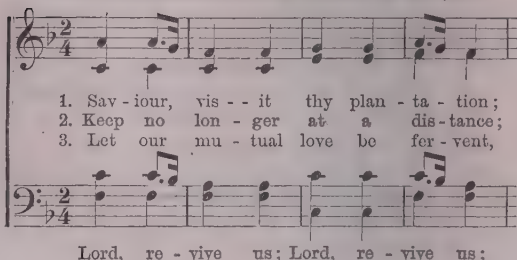
1. THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come!"
2. Let him that heareth say,  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ the fountain come.
3. Yes, whosoever will,  
Oh let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come. Epis. Coll.



## 46. JESUS, I COME TO THEE. S. M.

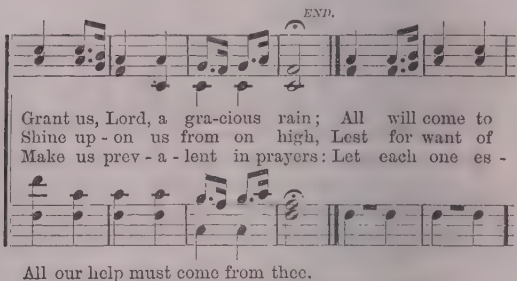
1. JESUS, I come to thee,  
A sinner doomed to die;  
My only refuge is thy cross;  
Here at thy feet I lie.
2. Can mercy reach my case,  
And all my sins remove?  
Break, O my God, this heart of stone,  
And melt it by thy love.
3. Thy blood can cleanse my heart,  
Thy hand can wipe my tears;  
Oh send thy blessed Spirit down,  
To banish all my fears.
4. Then shall my soul arise,  
From sin and Satan free;  
Redeemed from hell and every foe,  
I'll trust alone in thee. Beman.

## 47. GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s. (32)



1. Sav - iour, vis - - it thy plan - ta - tion;  
 2. Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance;  
 3. Let our mu - tual love be fer - vent,

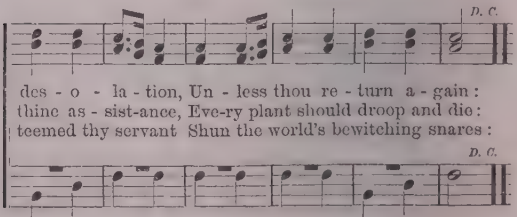
Lord, re - vive us; Lord, re - vive us;



END.

Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain; All will come to  
 Shine up - on us from on high, Lest for want of  
 Make us prev - a - lent in prayers: Let each one es -

All our help must come from thee.



*D. C.*

des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain:  
 thine as - sist - ance, Eve - ry plant should droop and die:  
 teemed thy servant Shun the world's bewitching snares:

*D. C.*



4. Break the tempter's fatal power;  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
 And begin from this good hour  
 To revive thy work afresh.  
 Lord, revive us,  
 All our help must come from thee. Newton.
- 

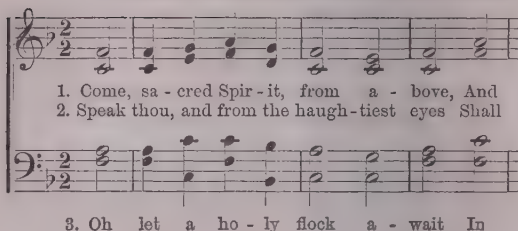
48. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, & 4s. (33)

1. GENTLY, Lord, Oh gently lead us  
 Through this lowly vale of tears;  
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
 Oh refresh us—  
 Oh refresh us with thy grace.
2. Though ten thousand ills beset us  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus says he 'll ne'er forget us,  
 But will save from hell and sin:  
 He is faithful  
 To perform his gracious word.
3. Oh that I could now adore him  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love.  
 Happy songsters,  
 When shall I your chorus join? Fawcett.
- 

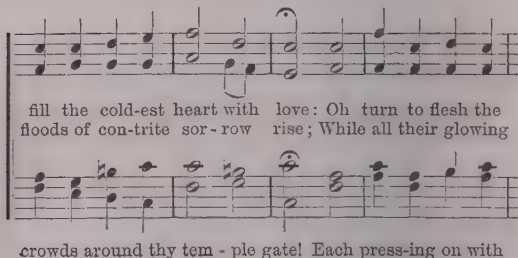
49. DOXOLOGY. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,  
 God the Father, God the Son,  
 God the Spirit, joined in glory  
 On the same eternal throne;  
 Endless praises  
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

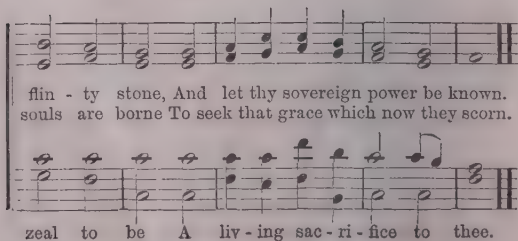
## 50. UXBRIDGE. L. M. (34) L. MASON.



1. Come, sa - cred Spir - it, from a - bove, And  
2. Speak thou, and from the haugh - tiest eyes Shall  
3. Oh let a ho - ly flock a - wait In



fill the cold - est heart with love: Oh turn to flesh the  
floods of con - trite sor - row rise; While all their glowing  
crowds around thy tem - ple gate! Each press - ing on with



flin - ty stone, And let thy sovereign power be known.  
souls are borne To seek that grace which now they scorn.  
zeal to be A liv - ing sac - ri - fice to thee.

**51. THE VISION OF DRY BONES. L. M. (35)**

1. LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;  
See Adam's race in ruin lie;  
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
2. Thy ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy upon the slain;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
3. But by thy Spirit's quickening breath,  
Life spreads through all the realms of death;  
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

Doddridge.

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**52. OPERATIONS OF THE SPIRIT. L. M. (36)**

1. ETERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
2. Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
3. Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin;  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

Watts.

## 53. TELLEMANN. 7s.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up -  
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with power di - vine, Cleanse this

3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, 'all di - vine, Dwell with -

on this heart of mine; Chase the shades of  
 guil - ty heart of mine; Long hath sin, with -

sad - dened heart of mine; Bid my ma - ny  
 in this heart of mine; Cast down eve - ry

night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.  
 out con - trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.

woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
 i - dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.

**54. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. 7s.**

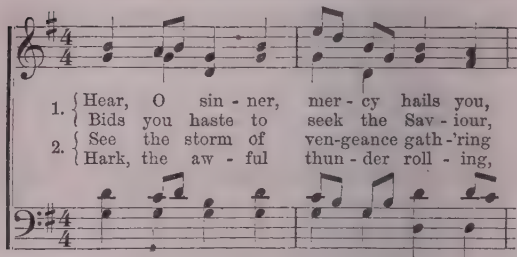
1. GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,  
Let thy light within me shine,  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me full of heaven and love.
2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me,  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God,  
Wash me in his precious blood.
3. Life and peace to me impart,  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

Stocker.

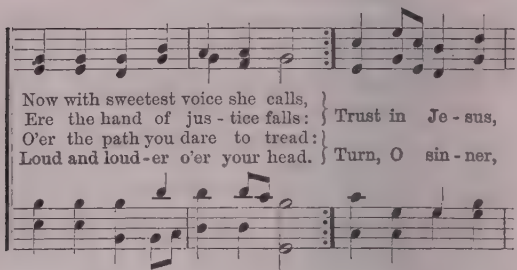
**55. VALUE OF THE BIBLE. 7s.**

1. HOLY Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!  
Mine to tell me whence I came,  
Mine to teach me what I am;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove,  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine art thou to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
3. Mine to comfort in distress,  
If the Holy Spirit bless;  
Mine to show by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom:  
Oh thou precious book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

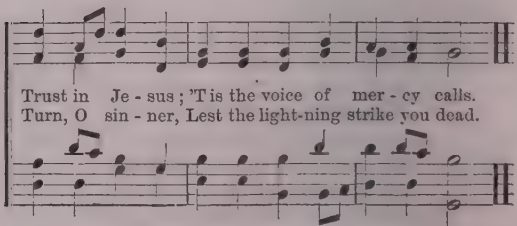
## 56. BINGHAM. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s. (37) H. K.



1. { Hear, O sin - ner, mer - cy hails you,  
 { Bids you haste to seek the Sav - iour,  
 2. { See the storm of ven - geance gath - 'ring  
 { Hark, the aw - ful thun - der roll - ing,



Now with sweetest voice she calls, }  
 Ere the hand of jus - tice falls: } Trust in Je - sus,  
 O'er the path you dare to tread: }  
 Loud and loud - er o'er your head. } Turn, O sin - ner,



Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.  
 Turn, O sin - ner, Lest the light - ning strike you dead.

3. Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,  
 Seek his mercy while you may;  
 Soon the day of grace is over—  
 Soon your life will pass away:  
 Haste to Jesus;  
 You must perish, if you stay.

Reed.



57. "IT IS FINISHED." 8s, 7s, & 4s. (38)

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 "It is finished!"  
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
2. "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, the dying words record.
3. Finished, all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law;  
 Finished, all that God had promised—  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:-  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
4. Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Burder's Col.

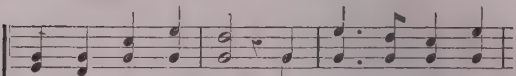
## 58. BROWN. C. M. (39) BRADBURY.



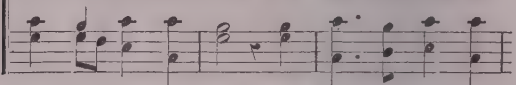
1. The Sav - iour calls, let eve - ry ear At -  
 2. For eve - ry thirs - ty, long - ing heart, Here



3. Dear Sav - iour, draw re - luc - tant hearts, To



tend the heav - en - ly sound; Ye doubt - ing souls, dis -  
 streams of boun - ty flow; And life and health and



thee let sin - ners fly, And take the bliss thy



miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.  
 bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.



love im - parts, And drink and nev - er die.



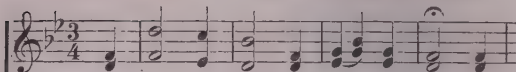
**59. THE YOUNG EXHORTED. C. M. (40)**

1. YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your welfare to pursue.
3. The soul that longs to see his face,  
Is sure his love to gain;  
And those that early seek his grace,  
Shall never seek in vain. Doddridge.

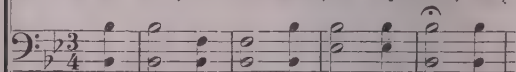

**60. THE LIVING WATERS. C. M. (41)**

1. OH what amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found,  
Suited to every sinner's case  
That hears the joyful sound.
2. Come then with all your wants and wounds,  
Your every burden bring;  
Here love, unchanging love abounds,  
A deep, celestial spring.
3. This spring with living water flows,  
And heavenly joy imparts;  
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
And drink with thankful hearts.
4. A host of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;  
Come then and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless. Medley.

## 61. INVITATION. C. M. (42) HASTINGS.



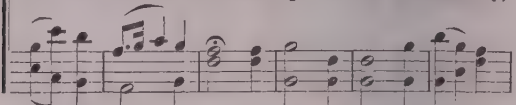
1. Re - turn, O wan - derer, to thy home, Thy  
 2. Re - turn, O wan - derer, to thy home, 'Tis



3. Re - turn, O wan - derer, to thy home, 'Tis



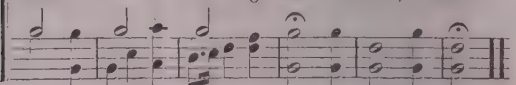
Fa - ther calls for thee; No lon - ger now an ex - ile  
 Je - sus calls for thee. The Spir - it and the bride say,



mad - ness to de - lay: There are no par - dons in the



roam In guilt and mis - e - ry. Re - turn, re - turn!  
 Come! Oh now for ref - uge flee. Re - turn, re - turn!



tomb, And brief is mer - cy's day. Re - turn, re - turn!

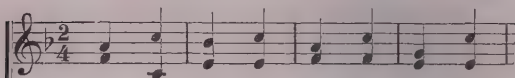
**62. THE SINNER ENTREATED. C. M. (43)**

1. SINNERS, the voice of God regard;  
     His mercy speaks to-day;  
   He calls you by his sovereign word  
     From sin's destructive way.  
     Return, return!
2. Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,  
     You live devoid of peace;  
   A thousand stings within your breast  
     Deprive your souls of ease.
3. Why will you in the crooked ways  
     Of sin and folly go?  
   In pain you travail all your days,  
     To reap immortal woe.
4. But he who turns to God shall live,  
     Through his abounding grace:  
   His mercy will the guilt forgive  
     Of those who seek his face.
5. Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
     Renouncing every sin;  
   Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
     And learn his will divine.
6. His love exceeds your highest thoughts,  
     He pardons like a God;  
   He will forgive your numerous faults  
     Through a Redeemer's blood.

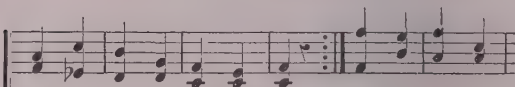
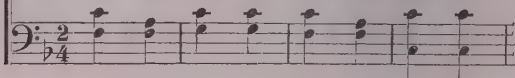
Fawcett.

- 
- 63. RETURN, O wanderer, now return,**  
     Thy Saviour bids thee live.  
   Go to his bleeding feet and learn  
     How freely he'll forgive.  
     Return, return!

## 64. VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s. (44)



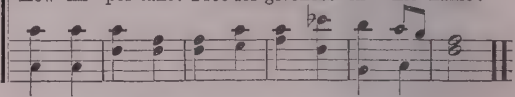
1. { Sin - ners, will you scorn the mes - sage  
Eve - ry sen - tence, Oh how ten - der!
2. { Hear the her - alds of the gos - pel  
To each reb - el sin - ner, "Par - don,



Sent in mer - cy from a - bove? }  
Eve - ry line is full of love: } Lis - ten to it;  
News from Zi - on's King pro - claim, }  
Free for - give - ness in his name:" } How im - por - tant!



Lis - ten to it, Eve - ry line is full of love.  
How im - por - tant! Free for - giveness in his name!



3. Who hath our report believ'd?  
 Who received the joyful word?  
 Who embraced the news of pardon  
 Offered to you by the Lord?  
 Can you slight it—  
 Offered to you by the Lord!
4. Oh, ye angels hovering round us,  
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;  
 Hasten to the court of heaven,  
 Tidings bear without delay:  
 Rebel sinners  
 Glad the message will obey.

Allen.



## 65. SINNERS INVITED. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s. (45)

1. COME, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 Not the righteous—  
*Sinners* Jesus came to call.
2. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him:  
 This he gives you—  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
3. Lo, the incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood;  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude:  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Hart.

## 66. EXPOSTULATION. 11s. (46)

1. Oh turn ye, Oh turn ye, for why will ye  
2. How vain the de - lu-sion, that while you de -

3. The con-trite in heart he will free - ly re -

die? Since God in great mer-cy is com - ing so  
lay, Your hearts may grow bet-ter, your chains melt a -

ceive; Oh why will you not the glad mes - sage be -

nigh, Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says,  
way : Come wretched, come guilt-y, come just as you

lieve? If sin be your bur - den, Oh, will you not

Come, And an-gels are wait-ing to welcome you home.  
are; All help-less and dy-ing, to Je - sus re - pair.

come? 'Tis you he makes welcome ; he bids you come home.

## 67. THE WAY TO PEACE. 11s. (47)

1. ACQUAINT thyself quickly, Oh sinner, with God,  
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,  
And peace like the dew-drops shall fall on thy head,  
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.
2. Acquaint thyself quickly, Oh sinner, with God,  
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;  
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

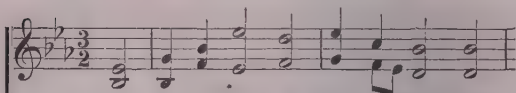
Christian Melody.

## 68. DELAY NOT. 11s. (48)

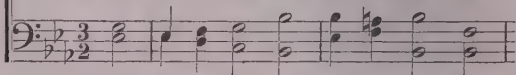
1. DELAY not, delay not, Oh sinner—draw near;  
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?  
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
3. Delay not, delay not, Oh sinner, to come,  
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:  
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;  
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;  
What power then, Oh sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

Hastings.

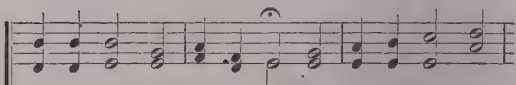
## 69. WELLS. L. M. (51) HOLDRAYD.



1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The  
 2. Life is the hour that God has given To



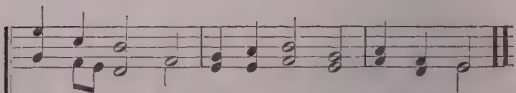
3. The liv-ing know that they must die, But



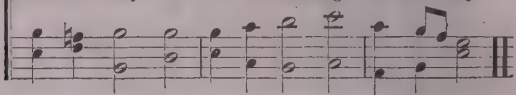
time t'insure the great reward; And while the lamp holds  
 'scape from hell and fly to heaven; The day of grace, and



all the dead for-got-ten lie; Their memory and their



out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.  
 mor-tals may Se-cure the blessings of the day.



sense is gone, A-like un-know-ing and unknown.



4. Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
5. There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave to which we haste:  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.



**70. WARNING. L. M. (52)**

1. **SINNER**, Oh why so thoughtless grown;  
Why in such dreadful haste to die!  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown—  
Heedless against thy God to fly!
2. Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams,  
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames?



**71. JOY OVER THE CONVERT. L. M. (53)**

1. **WHO** can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?
2. With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies;
3. The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King. Watts.

## 72. JUDGMENT. (49)

SPIR. SONGS.

1. Oh, there will be mourning Before the judgment-seat,

When this world is burning Beneath Je-ho-vah's feet.

Friends and kindred there will part, Will part to meet no more;

Wrath will sink the rebel's heart, While saints on high adore.

Oh, there will be mourning Be-fore the judgment-seat.

2. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat,  
When the trumpet's warning  
The sinner's ear shall greet.  
Friends and kindred there will part  
Will part to meet no more;  
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,  
While saints on high adore.
3. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat,  
When from dust returning,  
The lost their doom shall meet.  
Friends and kindred, etc.
4. Oh, there will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat;  
Justice ever frowning  
Shall seal the sinner's fate.  
Friends and kindred, etc.

Spir. Songs.

---

**73. DAY OF JUDGMENT. L. M. (50)**

Tune WELLS, No. 69, or MONMOUTH, No. 5.

1. THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day—
2. When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
And louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
3. Oh, on that day, that wrathful day  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be THOU, O Christ, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

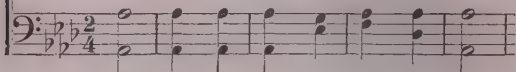
Scott.

## 74. EVAN. C. M. (54) HAVERGAL.

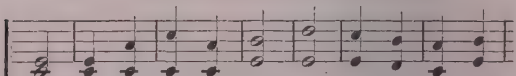
Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



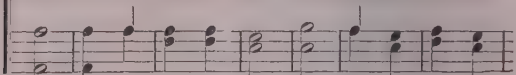
1. How help - less guil - ty na - ture lies,  
 2. Can aught be - neath a power di - vine



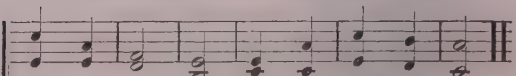
3. 'Tis thine the pas - sions to re - call,



Un - conscious of her load: The heart unchanged can  
 The stub-born will sub-due? 'Tis thine, al-migh - ty



And up - wards bid them rise; To make the scales of



nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.  
 Spir - it, thine To form the heart a - new.



er - ror fall From rea - son's dark - ened eyes;

4. To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live:  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.
5. Oh change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine. Steele.



### 75. PREPARE FOR DEATH. C. M. (55)

1. VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
Repent—thy end is nigh:  
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:  
Oh, think before thou die!
2. Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:  
Thy sins, how high they mount!  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dread account?
3. Death enters, and there's no defence:  
His time there's none can tell;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence  
To heaven—or to hell.
4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume;  
But ah, destruction stops not there—  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.
5. To-day the gospel calls; to-day,  
Sinners, it speaks to you:  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And mercy will ensue.

Hart.

## 76. COME, YE SINNERS. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and  
 { Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of  
 2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free  
 { Faith he gives, and true re - pentance, Eve - ry

Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va-tion, Christ the

END.

wound-ed, sick and sore; } CHORUS.  
 pit - y, love, and power. } Turn to the Lord and  
 boun - ty glo - ri - fy; }  
 grace that brings you nigh. } Turn to the Lord and

Lord is come to reign.

D. C.

seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;  
 seek sal - va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

D. C.

## 77. THE LIVING WATER. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
Sinners ruined by the fall;  
Here a pure and healing fountain  
Flows for you, for me, for all.  
CHORUS.—Turn to the Lord, etc.
2. He that drinks shall live for ever;  
'Tis a soul-renewing flood.  
God is faithful—God will never  
Break his covenant in blood.      Montgomery.



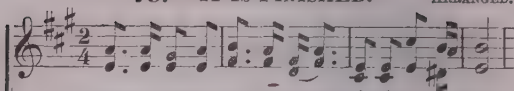
## 78. YET THERE IS ROOM. C. M.

Tune EVAN, No. 74.

1. COME, sinner, to the gospel-feast,  
Oh, come without delay!  
For there is room in Jesus' breast  
For all who will obey.
2. There's room in God's eternal love  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room in the Spirit's grace above  
To heal and make thee whole.
3. There's room within the church, redeemed  
With blood of Christ divine,  
Room in the white-robed throng convened,  
For that dear soul of thine.
4. There's room in heaven among the choir,  
And harps and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.
5. There's room around thy Father's board  
For thee and thousands more:  
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;  
Yea, come this very hour.

## 79. "IT IS FINISHED."

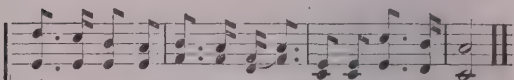
ARRANGED.



1. Nothing, either great or small, Rests for you to do ;
2. When he from his lofty throne Stooped to do and die,



3. "It is finished!" Yes indeed, Finished every jot.



Je - sus did it, did it all, Long, long a - go.  
 Eve-ry thing was ful - ly done: Lis - ten to his cry:

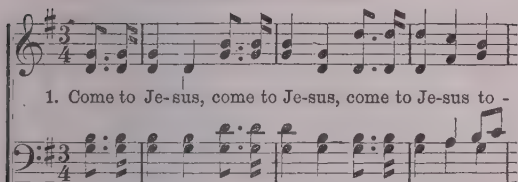


Sin - ner, this is all you need. Tell me, is it not?

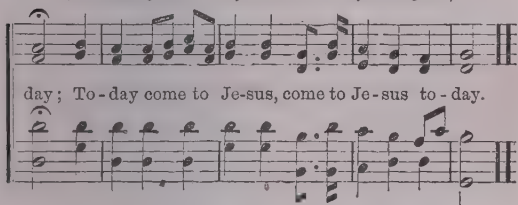
4. Weary, working, plodding one,  
 Why toil you so ?  
 Cease your doing, all was done  
 Long, long ago.
5. Till to Jesus' work you cling  
 By a simple faith,  
 Doing is a deadly thing,  
 Doing ends in death.
6. Cast your deadly doing down,  
 Down at Jesus' feet;  
 Stand in him, in him alone,  
 Gloriously complete.



## 80. COME TO JESUS.



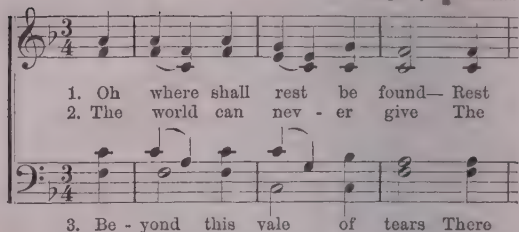
(The words "just now" may be used for "to-day" throughout.)



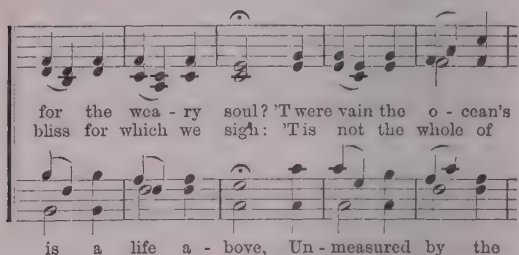
2. He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you to-day;  
To-day he will save you,  
He will save you to-day.
3. Do n't reject him, do n't reject him,  
Do n't reject him to-day, etc.
4. He is ready, he is ready,  
He is ready to-day, etc.
5. Oh believe him, Oh believe him,  
Oh believe him to-day, etc.
6. Do not tarry, do not tarry,  
Do not tarry to-day, etc.
7. Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen, etc.

## 81. DENNIS. S. M. (56.) NAGELI.

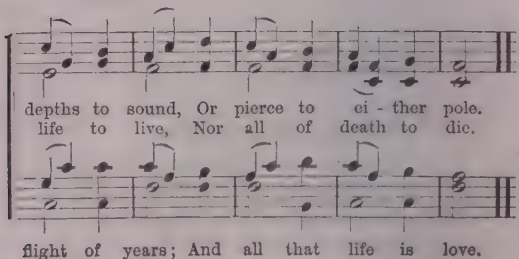
Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Oh where shall rest be found— Rest  
 2. The world can nev - er give The  
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears There



for the wea - ry soul? 'Twere vain the o - cean's  
 bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of  
 is a life a - bove, Un - measured by the



depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.  
 life to live, Nor all of death to die.  
 flight of years; And all that life is love.

4. There is a death, whose pang  
    Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
    Oh what eternal horrors hang  
    Around "the second death!"
5. Lord God of truth and grace,  
    Teach us that death to shun,  
    Lest we be banished from thy face  
    And evermore undone.
6. Here would we end our quest:  
    Alone are found in thee  
    The life of perfect love, the rest  
    Of immortality.

Montgomery.



## 82. REST IN GOD. S. M. (57)

1. OH cease, my wandering soul,  
    On restless wing to roam;  
    All this wide world, to either pole,  
    Has not for thee a home.
2. Behold the ark of God!  
    Behold the open door!  
    Oh haste to gain that dear abode,  
    And roam, my soul, no more.
3. There safe thou shalt abide,  
    There sweet shall be thy rest,  
    And every longing satisfied,  
    With full salvation blest.
4. Then cease, my wandering soul,  
    On restless wing to roam;  
    All this wide world, to either pole,  
    Has not for thee a home.

Epis. Col.

## 83. "TO-DAY." (58)

L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav-iour calls: Ye wanderers  
2. To - day the Sav-iour calls: For ref - uge

3. To - day the Sav-iour calls: Oh lis - ten  
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his

come: Oh, ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?  
fly; The storm of vengeance falls; Ru - in is nigh.

now: With - in these sa-cred walls To Je - sus bow.  
power; Oh grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

## 84. "CHILD OF SIN." (59)

HASTINGS.

1. { Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may, }  
{ Wait not for to - mor-row, Yield thee to-day; }

Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.

Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;  
D. C.

2. Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die?  
 Come, while thou canst borrow  
 Help from on high:  
 Grieve not that love  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Would bring thee nigh. Hastings.

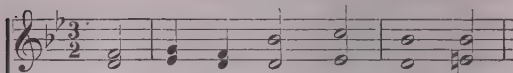
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85. CHRIST OUR PEACE. 6s & 4s. (60)

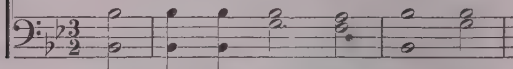
1. WHY that soul's commotion,  
 Trembling, oppressed,  
 Like the troubled ocean  
 Heaving its breast?  
 Some hidden grief  
 Demands relief.  
 Why that soul's commotion,  
 Panting for rest?
2. Why that soul's commotion?  
 Cease from thy sin:  
 Choose the better portion;  
 Cleanse thee within:  
 A fountain flows  
 To heal thy woes:  
 Why that soul's commotion?  
 Wash and be clean.
3. Why that soul's commotion?  
 Heaven can forgive:  
 With thy heart's devotion  
 Firmly believe:  
 To-day return,  
 And cease to mourn.  
 Why that soul's commotion?  
 Oh turn and live. Sacred Lyre.

## 86. OLMUTZ. S. M. (61)

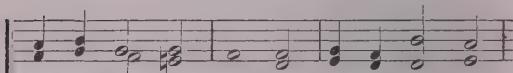
Arranged by L. MASON.



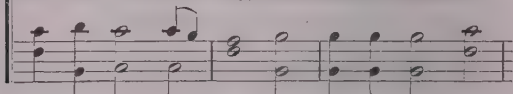
1. And will the Judge de - - scend? And  
 2. How will my heart en - - dure The



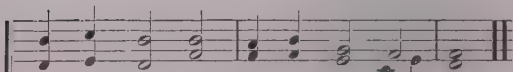
3. But ere that trum - pet shakes The



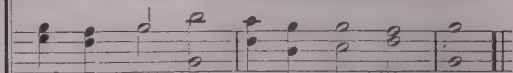
must the dead a - - rise? And not a sin - gle  
 ter - rors of that day, When earth and heaven be -



man-sions of the dead, Hark, from the gos - pel's



soul es - cape His all - dis - cern - ing eyes?  
 fore his face As - - ton-ished shrink a - - way.



cheer-ing sound What joy - ful tid - ings spread.

4. Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
  5. So shall that curse remove  
By which the Saviour bled;  
And the last, awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head. Doddridge.
- 

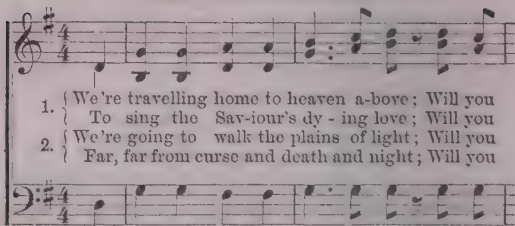
**87. THE ACCEPTED TIME. S. M. (62)**

1. NOW is the accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
  2. Now is the accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late—  
Then why should you delay?
  3. Now is the accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.
  4. Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels clap their wings  
And bear the news above. Dobell.
- 

**88. DOXOLOGY. S. M.**

GIVE to the Father praise,  
Give glory to the Son,  
And to the Spirit of all grace  
Be equal honor done.

## 89. WILL YOU GO?

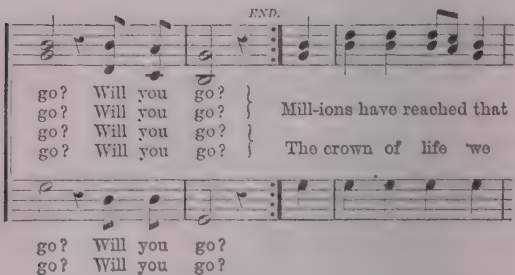


1. { We're travelling home to heaven a-bove; Will you  
To sing the Sav-iour's dy-ing love; Will you

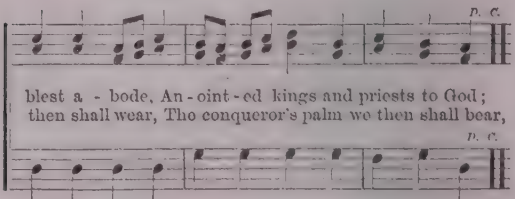
2. { We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you  
Far, far from curse and death and night; Will you

And mill-ions more are on the road? Will you  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you

END.



go? Will you go? } Mill-ions have reached that  
go? Will you go? }  
go? Will you go? } The crown of life we  
go? Will you go? }



blest a - bode, An - oint - ed kings and priests to God;  
then shall wear, Tho conqueror's palm we then shall bear,

*D. C.*



3. The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
     Will you go?  
 Repent, believe, be born again;  
     Will you go?  
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,  
 And thou shalt my salvation see."  
     Will you go?
4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say,  
     "I will go."  
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,  
     "Make me go,"  
 And all his old companions tell,  
 "I will not go with you to hell,  
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
     Let me go."



# 90. PENITENCE SOUGHT. S. M.

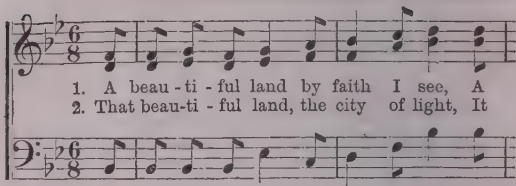
TUNE OLMUTZ, No. 86.

1. IS this the kind return?  
     Are these the thanks we owe?  
 Thus to abuse eternal love,  
     Whence all our blessings flow!
2. To what a stubborn frame  
     Hath sin reduced our mind;  
 What strange, rebellious wretches we,  
     And God as strangely kind.
3. Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
     And mould our hearts afresh:  
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,  
     And give us hearts of flesh.

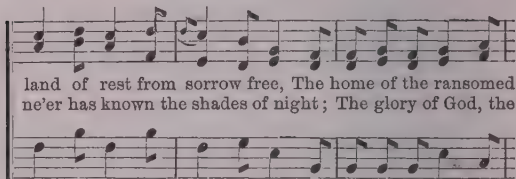
Watts.

## 91. BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BRADBURY.



1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A  
2. That beau-ti-ful land, the city of light, It

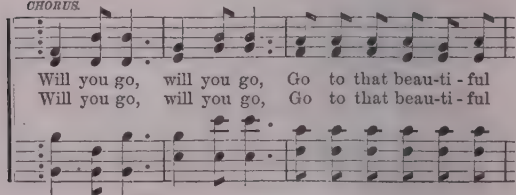


land of rest from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed  
ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the



bright and fair, And beauti-ful an-gels too are there.  
light of day, Hath driven the dark-ness far a-way.

## CHORUS.



Will you go, will you go, Go to that beau-ti-ful  
Will you go, will you go, Go to that beau-ti-ful

# INVITATION AND WARNING.

## BEAUTIFUL LAND. CONCLUDED.

land with me? Will you go, will you go,  
land with me? Will you go, will you go,

The first system of musical notation for 'Beautiful Land' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.

*Repeat pp*

Go to that beau - ti - - ful land?  
Go to that beau - ti - - ful land?

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,  
Its beautiful gates I too behold,  
The river of life, the crystal sea,  
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

### CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go,  
Go to that beautiful land with me?  
Will you go, will you go,  
Go to that beautiful land?

4. The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,  
In rapture range the plains of light;  
In one harmonious choir they praise  
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.  
Will you go, will you go? etc.

## 92. BOWER. C. M. "THE JUBILEE."

1. { And did the Ho - - ly and the Just, The  
 { Stoop down to wretch - ed - ness and dust, That

## CHORUS.

Sove - reign of the skies, } O the Lamb, the  
 guil - ty man might rise?

lov - ing Lamb, the Lamb on Cal - va - - ry, The

Lamb that was slain, That liveth again, To intercede for me.

2. Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high—  
Surprising mercy, love unknown!—  
To suffer, bleed, and die.
3. To dwell with misery here below,  
The Saviour left the skies,  
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,  
That worthless man might rise.
4. He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffered in his stead;  
For sinful man—Oh wondrous grace!—  
For sinful man he bled.
5. O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thine atoning blood:  
By this are sinners saved from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.

Steela,



## 93. THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. C. M.

1. JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend,  
As such I look to thee;  
Now, in the fulness of thy love,  
O Lord, remember me.
2. Remember thy pure word of grace,  
Remember Calvary,  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then remember me.
3. And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature helps all flee,  
Then, O my great Redeemer God,  
Jesus, remember me.

Burnham.

## 94. COOLEY. L. M.

H. K.

1. "Come hither, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye hea - vy  
2. "They shall find rest that learn of me: I'm of a

3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and

la - den sin - ners come: I'll give you rest from  
meek and low - - ly mind: But pas - sion ra - ges

bear it with de - light: My yoke is ea - sy

all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.  
like the sea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.

to his neck, My grace shall make the bur - den light."

## 4. Jesus, we come at thy command:

With faith and hope and humble zeal,  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will. Watts.



## 95. "JUST AS I AM." L. M. (64)

1. JUST as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
2. Just as I am—and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
3. Just as I am—though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come! C. Elliott.

## 96. HORTON. 7s.

WARTENSEE.

1. Pil - grim, burdened with thy sin, Haste to  
 2. Knock, for mer - cy lends an ear; Weep—she

3. Mourn - ing pil - grim, what for thee In this  
 4. Sor - row shall for ev - er fly; Shame shall

Zi - on's gate to - day; There, till mer - cy  
 marks the sin - ner's sigh; Watch, till heaven - ly

world can now re - main? Seek that world from  
 nev - er en - ter there; Tears be wiped from

let thee in, Knock and weep and watch and pray.  
 light ap - pear; Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.

which shall flee Sor - row, shame, and tears, and pain.  
 eve - ry eye; Pain in end - less bliss ex - pire.



## 97. LONG-SUFFERING OF GOD. 7s.

1. DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear—  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face,  
Would not hear his gracious calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3. Though I cumber still the ground,  
Lo, an Advocate is found:  
There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands.
4. Lord, incline me to repent;  
Let me now my fall lament,  
Deeply my revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more. C. Wesley.



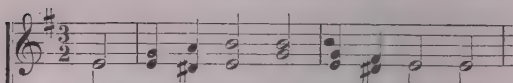
## 98. THE SOUL'S APPEAL. 7s.

1. GENTLY, gently lay the rod  
On my sinful head, O God:  
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,  
Lest I sink beneath its sway.
2. Heal me, for my flesh is weak:  
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;  
This my only plea I make—  
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.
3. Lo, he comes—he heeds my plea:  
Lo, he comes—the shadows flee:  
Glory round me dawns once more:  
Rise, my spirit, and adore!

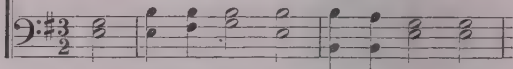
Lyte.

## 99. WINDHAM. L. M. (65)

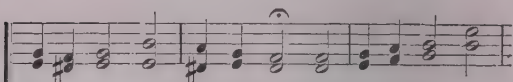
READ.



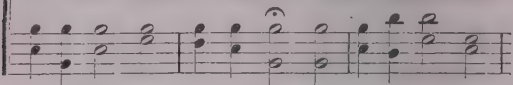
1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And  
 2. "De - - ny thy-self, and take thy cross," Is



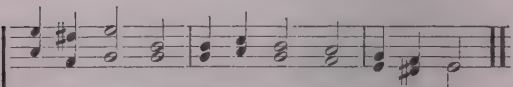
3. The fear-ful soul, that tires and faints, And



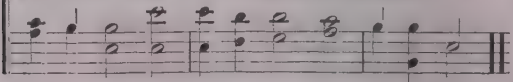
thousands walk to - geth-er there; But wis-dom shows a  
 the Redeem-er's great command; Nature must count her



walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed al -



nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el - ler.  
 gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.



most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.

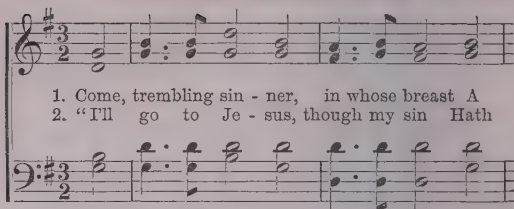
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;  
Create my heart entirely new:  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew. Watts.
- 

100. IMPLORING MERCY. L. M. (66)

1. SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. Oh wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. My lips with shame my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just, in death:  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair. Watts.

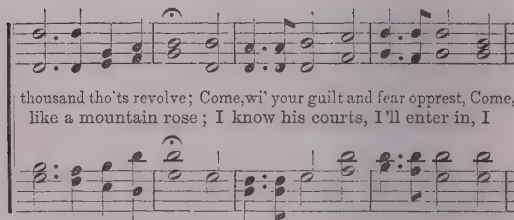
## 101. WOODLAND. C. M. (67)

GOULD.



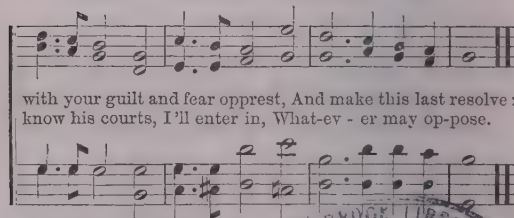
1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A  
 2. "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath

3. "Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore his throne, And



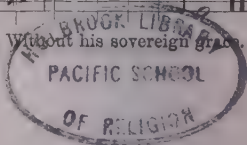
thousand tho'ts revolve; Come, wi' your guilt and fear opprest, Come,  
 like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll enter in, I

there my guilt confess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone, I'll



with your guilt and fear opprest, And make this last resolve:  
 know his courts, I'll enter in, What-ev - er may op-pose.

tell him I'm a wretch undone Without his sovereign grace.



4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
5. "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer:  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
6. "I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

Jones.

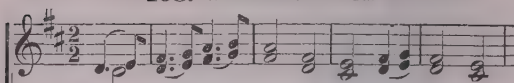


## 102. PRAYER OF A PENITENT. C. M. (68)

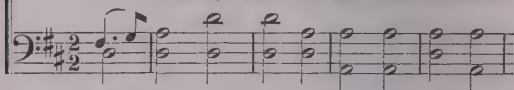
1. O THOU whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye:
2. See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, "Return?"
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from thy feet?  
Oh let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.
4. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

Steele.

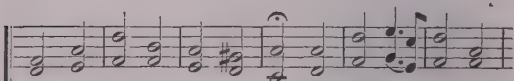
## 103. ILLINOIS. L. M.



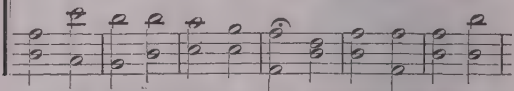
1. Be - hold a Stran-ger at the door: He  
 2. Oh love - ly at - ti-tude—he stands With



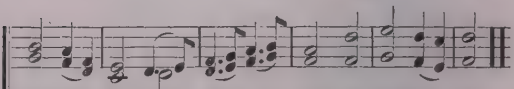
3. But will he prove a Friend in - deed? He



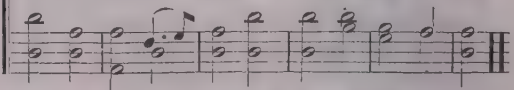
gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is  
 melting heart and load-ed hands! Oh, matchless kindness!



will: the ve - ry Friend you need: The Friend of sinners;



wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.  
 and he shows This matchless kind-ness to his foes.



yes, 'tis He, With gar-ments dyed on Cal - va - ry.

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at his door rejected stand.
6. Oh welcome him, the Prince of peace,  
And may his gentle reign increase;  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
And be his empire all mankind. Gregg.

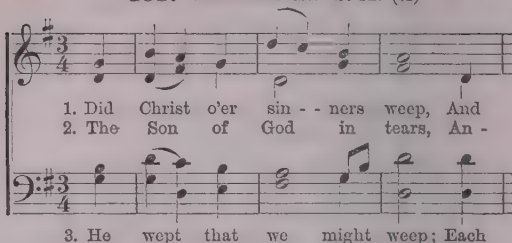


## 104. RETURN. L. M.

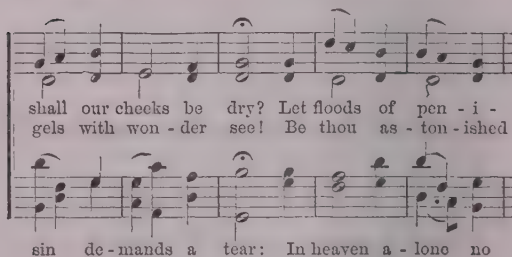
1. RETURN, O wanderer, now return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
2. Return, O wanderer, now return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
3. Return, O wanderer, now return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
4. Return, O wanderer, now return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Collyer.

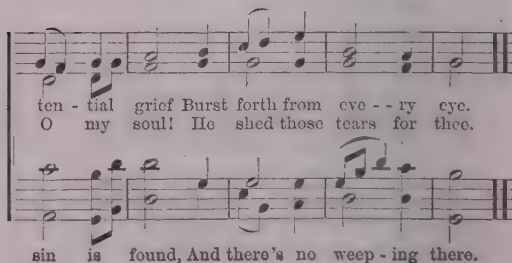
## 105. THATCHER. S. M. (71)



1. Did Christ o'er sin - - ners weep, And  
2. The Son of God in tears, An -



3. He wept that we might weep; Each  
shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen - i -  
gels with won - der see! Be thou as - ton - ished



sin de - mands a tear: In heaven a - lone no  
ten - tial grief Burst forth from eve - - ry eye.  
O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.  
sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.



## 106. SIN SLAIN BY THE CROSS. S. M. (72)

1. SHALL we go on to sin  
Because thy grace abounds?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?
2. Forbid it, mighty God;  
Nor let it e'er be said  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.
3. We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,  
And bought our liberty.

Watts.

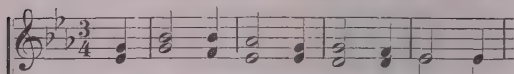


## 107. CHRIST A PERFECT SAVIOUR. S. M. (73)

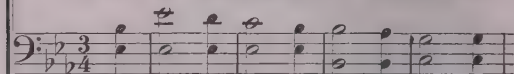
1. HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ with his reviving light  
Over our souls arise.
2. Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven:  
But in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.
3. Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.
4. Lord, we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God,  
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

Watts.

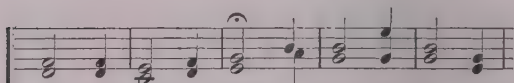
## 108. MACOMBER. C. M. (69) · H. K.



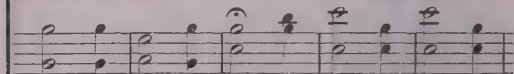
1. A - - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He



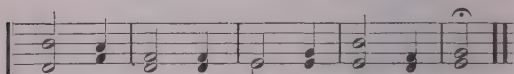
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And



did my Sove - reign die? Would he de - vote that  
 groaned up - on the tree? A - ma - zing pit - y,



shut his glo - ries in, When Christ the migh - ty



sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?  
 grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!



Sav - iour died For man, the reb - el's, sin.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes in tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

Watts.

May be sung also to BOWER, No. 92, with Chorus.



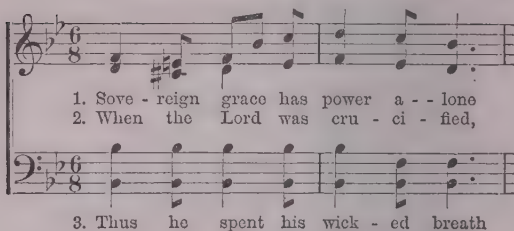
## 109. DEATH OF CHRIST. C. M. (70)

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclined  
To bleed and die for me!
2. "My God!" he cries. All nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
3. "'Tis finished—now the ransom's paid—  
Receive my soul," he cries;  
Behold, he bows his sacred head,  
He bows his head and dies!
4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!
5. Though far unequal our low praise  
To thy vast sufferings prove,  
O Lamb of God, yet all our days  
Thus will we grieve and love.

S. Wesley.

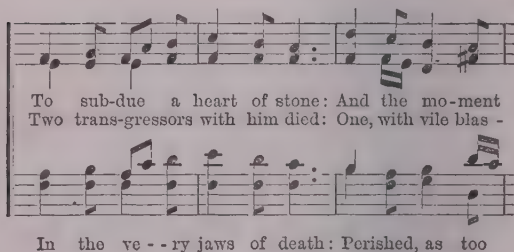
## 110. CHAMBERLAIN. 7s. (74)

H. K.



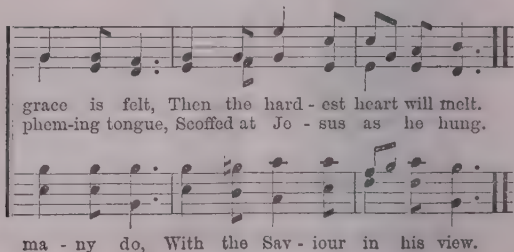
1. Sove - reign grace has power a - - lone  
 2. When the Lord was cru - ci - fied,

3. Thus he spent his wick - ed breath



To sub-due a heart of stone: And the mo-ment  
 Two trans-gressors with him died: One, with vile blas -

In the ve - - ry jaws of death: Perished, as too



grace is felt, Then the hard - est heart will melt.  
 phem-ing tongue, Scoffed at Je - sus as he hung.

ma - ny do, With the Sav - iour in his view.

4. But the other, touched with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case,  
Faith received to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.
5. "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be:"  
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,  
"Thou shalt rest in paradise."
6. This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace bestowed in time of need:  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name.  
You shall find him still the same. Newton.

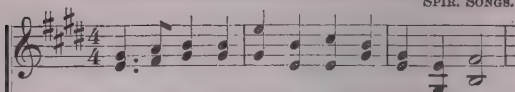


### 111. JOINED TO GOD'S PEOPLE. 7s. (75)

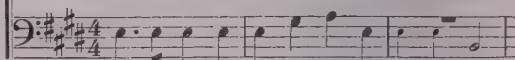
1. PEOPLE of the living God,  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
2. Now to you my spirit turns—  
Turns, a fugitive unblest;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh receive me into rest.
3. Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;  
Where you dwell shall be my home,  
Where you die shall be my grave;
4. Mine the God whom you adore—  
Your Redeemer shall be mine:  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign. Montgomery.

## 112. HARK, THOSE HAPPY VOICES.

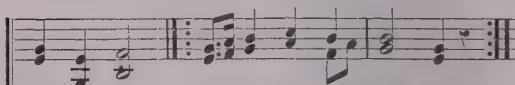
SPIR. SONGS.



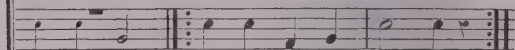
1. Hark, those happy voices, saying, "Yet there's room:
2. Now the feast is spread before thee; Wait no more,



3. Bless the Lord of life for ev - er, Oh my soul;



Sin - ner come,      Heav-en's call o - - bey - ing."  
 Grace im-plore:      Peace shall then come o'er thee.



Boun-ti - ful,      In - fi - nite his fa - vor.

4. Bless the Lord of thy salvation,  
     Who in love  
     From above  
     Heard thy supplication.
5. Bless the Lord of earth and heaven;  
     Through his blood,  
     That freely flowed,  
     Are thy sins forgiven.
6. Bless the Lord, whose love abounding  
     Fills thy days  
     With joy and praise,  
     Songs of triumph sounding.

**113. "LOVEST THOU ME?" 7s.**

TUNE CHAMBERLAIN, No. 110; or HORTON, No. 96.

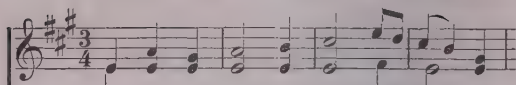
1. HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour—hear his word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:  
“Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”
2. “I delivered thee when bound,  
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. “Can a woman’s tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
4. “Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. “Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done—  
Partner of my throne shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore:  
Oh for grace to love thee more.

Cowper.

**114. DOXOLOGY. 7s.**

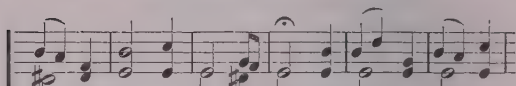
SING we to our God above  
Praise eternal as his love;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 115. MOZART. L. M. (76) ARRANGED.



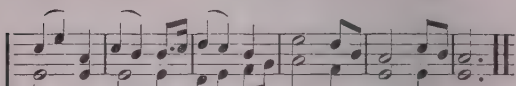
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On  
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor -



which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
 in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that

row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?



4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all. Watts.



**116. THE PENITENT RESTORED. L. M. (77)**

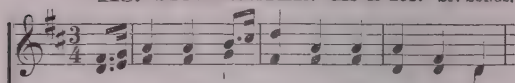
1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their memory from thy book.
2. My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemned to die.
3. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His help and comfort still afford,  
 And let a wretch come near thy throne  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
4. I cannot live without thy light,  
 Cast out and banished from thy sight;  
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more. Watts.



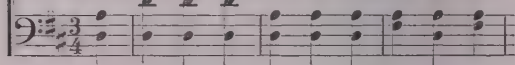
**117. SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD. L. M. (78)**

1. LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;  
 With full consent thine I would be,  
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
2. Grant one poor sinner more a place  
 Among the children of thy grace;  
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
 But ransomed by Emmanuel's blood. Davies.

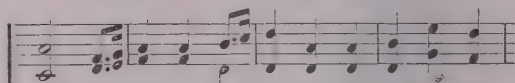
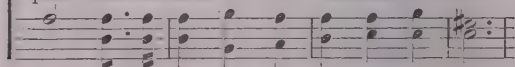
## 118. STILL WATER. 11s &amp; 10s. SP. SONGS.



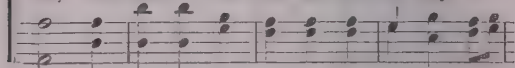
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me re -  
 2. He strengthens my spir - it, he shows me the



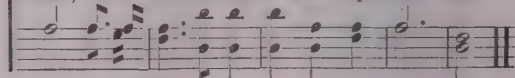
pose Where the pas - tures in beau - ty are grow -  
 path Where the arms of his love shall en - fold



ing; He leads me a - far from the world and its  
 me, And when I walk thro' the dark val - ley of



woes, Where in peace the still waters are flow - ing.  
 death, His rod and his staff will up - hold me.



## 119. SIN DEPLORED. L. M.

Tune MOZART, No. 115.

1. OH that my load of sin were gone!  
Oh that I could at last submit  
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
2. Rest for my soul I long to find;  
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within—  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.



## 120. CLINGING TO THE CROSS. L. M.

1. HERE, at thy cross, my dying Lord,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolved—for that 's my last defence—  
If I must perish, there to die.
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
4. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim:  
Hosanna to my dying Lord,  
And my best honors to his name.

Watts.

## 121. GANGES. C. P. M. (79)

1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My  
2. When to the law I trem - bling fled, It

soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to  
poured its curses on my head; I no re - lief could

go; E - ter - nal truth did loud proclaim, "The  
find: This fear - ful truth in - creased my pain, "The

sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end - less woe."  
sinner must be born again," And whelmed my tortured mind.

3. The saints I heard with rapture tell  
How Jesus conquered death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
"The sinner must be born again,"  
I sunk in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The gracious Saviour passed that way  
And felt his pity move.  
The sinner, by his justice slain,  
Now by his grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love. Occum.



#### 122. TRUSTING IN CHRIST. C. P. M. (80)

1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,  
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,  
That casts itself on thee?  
I have no refuge of my own,  
But fly to what my Lord hath done  
And suffered once for me.
2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
His spotless righteousness I plead,  
And his availing blood:  
That righteousness my robe shall be,  
That merit shall atone for me,  
And bring me near to God.
3. The king of terrors then would be  
A welcome messenger to me,  
To bid me come away:  
Unclogged by earth or earthly things,  
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,  
To everlasting day. Toplady.

**123. LEBANON. S. M. Double. J. ZUNDEL.**  
By permission.

1. I was [a wandering sheep, I did not love the

The first system of musical notation for the song '123. LEBANON'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 6/8 time and B-flat major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. I was [a wandering sheep, I did not love the' are written below the treble staff.

fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I' are written below the treble staff.

would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward

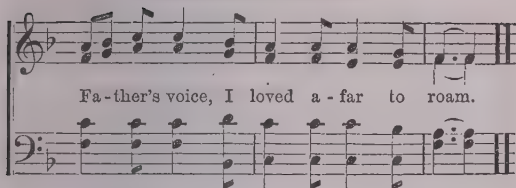
The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward' are written below the treble staff.

child, I did not love my home, I did not love my

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'child, I did not love my home, I did not love my' are written below the treble staff.

## THE PENITENT.

### LEBANON. CONCLUDED.



2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild:  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is;  
'T was he that loved my soul,  
'T was he that washed me in his blood,  
'T was he that made me whole:  
'T was he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'T was he that brought me to the fold;  
'T is he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled;  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold.  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam;  
I love my heavenly Father's voice;  
I love, I love his home.

Bonar.

## 124. MARLOW. C. M. (81)

Arranged by L. MASON.

1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up  
2. Once 'twas a seat of dread-ful wrath, And

3. Rich were the drops of Je-sus' blood That  
4. Now we may bow be-fore his feet, And

to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our  
shot de-vour-ing flame; Our God ap-peared con-

calmed his frown-ing face; That sprin-kled o'er his  
ven-ture near the Lord; No fi-ery cher-ub

Fa-ther there Up--on a throne of love.  
sum-ing fire, And vengeance was his name.

burn-ing throne, And turned the wrath to grace.  
guards his seat, Nor dou-ble flam-ing sword.



5. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
 Are opened by the Son;  
 High let us raise our notes of praise,  
 And reach the Almighty throne. Watts.



125. GLORIES OF REDEMPTION. C. M. (82)

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,  
 How high thy wonders rise!  
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
 By thousands through the skies.
2. But when we view thy strange design  
 To save rebellious worms,  
 Where vengeance and compassion join  
 In their divinest forms,
3. Here the whole Deity is known;  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.
4. Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains;  
 Bright seraphs learn Emmanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.
5. Oh may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song!  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue. Watts.



126. DOXOLOGY. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son  
 And Spirit be adored,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

## 127. ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.

1. Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re -

deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and

King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his  
The triumphs of his grace. ....

The triumphs of his grace, The  
grace, The tri - umphs, tri - umphs of his grace.

triumphs of his grace, The tri - - umphs of his grace.

2. Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrow cease;  
'T is music to our ravished ears;  
'T is life and health and peace.
3. He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean—  
His blood availed for me. Wesley.



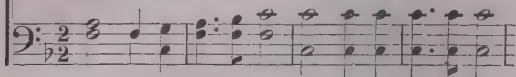
### 128. THE SAVIOUR COMES. C. M.

1. HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
2. On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire;  
Wisdom and might and zeal and love  
His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
4. He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure:  
And with the treasures of his grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name. Doddridge.

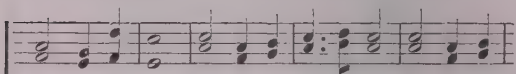
## 129. OLIVET. 6s &amp; 4s. (83) L. MASON.



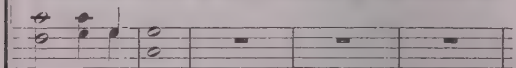
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart ;



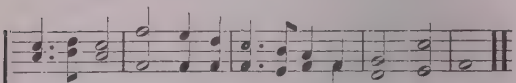
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,



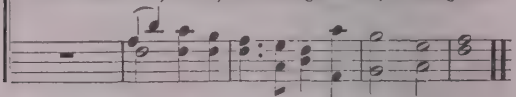
Sav-iour di - vine ; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
My zeal in - spire : As thou hast died for me, O may my



Be thou my guide : Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's



guilt a - way, Oh let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.  
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire.



tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream  
     Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then in love  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 Oh bear me safe above,  
     A ransomed soul!

Palmer.



## 130. "WORTHY THE LAMB." 6s &amp; 4s. (84)

1. COME, all ye saints of God,  
 Wide through the earth abroad  
     Spread Jesus' fame:  
 Tell what his love has done;  
 Trust in his name alone;  
 Shout to his lofty throne,  
     "Worthy the Lamb!"
2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!  
 Dry up your mournful tears;  
     Swell the glad theme:  
 70 Praise ~~ye~~ our gracious King,  
 Strike each melodious string,  
 Join heart and voice to sing,  
     "Worthy the Lamb!"
3. Hark how the choirs above,  
 Filled with the Saviour's love,  
     Dwell on his name!  
 There too may we be found,  
 With light and glory crowned,  
 While all the heavens resound,  
     "Worthy the Lamb!"

Pratt's Col.

## 131. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And' are written below the notes.

sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He just - ly claims a

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He just - ly claims a' are written below the notes.

song from me: His lov - ing kindness, Oh, how free! His

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'song from me: His lov - ing kindness, Oh, how free! His' are written below the notes.

loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, etc.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a double bar line. The lyrics 'loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, etc.' are written below the notes.

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate:  
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!
3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood:  
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!
4. Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
5. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
Oh may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
6. Then let me mount and soar away  
To those bright worlds of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies. Medley.



### 132. REIGN OF CHRIST. L. M.

1. O ZION, lift thy raptured eye,  
The long expected hour is nigh;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
*The Prince of Salem* comes to reign.
2. He comes to cheer the trembling heart,  
Bid Satan and his host depart;  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again *the bowers of Eden* bloom. Campbell.

## 133. - ANVERN. L. M. (85)

Arranged by L. Mason.

1. Now to the Lord that makes us  
2. 'Twas he that cleansed our foul - - est

know The wonders of his dy-ing love, Be hum-ble  
sins, And washed us in his rich-est blood; 'Tis he that

hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of nobler praise a - -  
makes us priests and kings, And brings us rebels near to

bove, And strains of no - bler praise a - - bove.  
God, And brings us reb - els near to God.



3. To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus our eternal King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
4. Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move:  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
Now he displays his pardoning love.
5. The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day:  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

Watts.



## 134. CHRIST'S EXALTATION. L. M. (86)

1. WHAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name!
2. Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of life, that groaned and died—  
Worthy to rise and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
3. Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn,  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
4. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

Watts.

## 135. ATHENS. C. M. Double. GIARDINI.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come

The first system of musical notation for the song 'ATHENS'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 6/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come' are written below the treble staff.

un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry' are written below the treble staff.

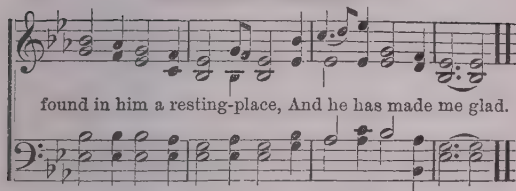
one, lay down Thy head upon my breast." I came to Je - sus

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'one, lay down Thy head upon my breast." I came to Je - sus' are written below the treble staff.

as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I' are written below the treble staff.

## ATHENS. CONCLUDED.



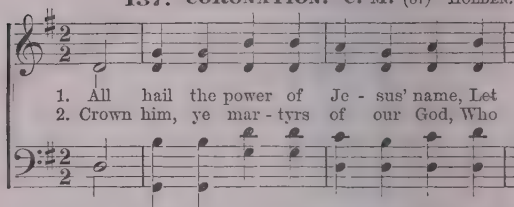
found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my star, my sun:  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

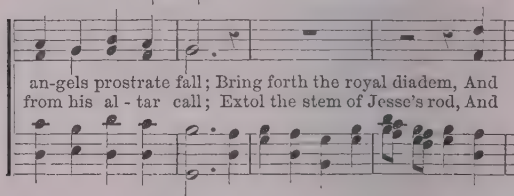
Bonar.

- 
- 136.** O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;  
 Possess thy humble throne;  
 Bid every rival thence depart,  
 And reign, O Christ, alone.  
 The world and Satan I forsake;  
 To thee I all resign;  
 My longing heart, O Saviour, take,  
 And fill with love divine.

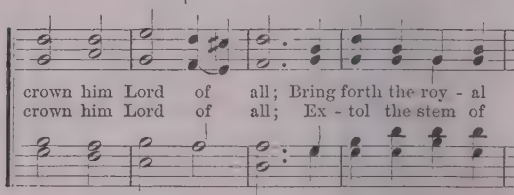
## 137. CORONATION. C. M. (87) HOLDEN.



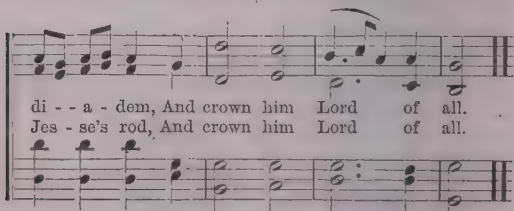
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let  
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who



an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And  
from his al - tar call; Extol the stem of Jesse's rod, And



crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al  
crown him Lord of all; Ex - tol the stem of



di - - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David "Lord" did call:  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown him Lord of all.
  4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
  5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
  6. Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- Duncan.



**138. PRINCE OF PEACE. C. M. (88)**

1. LET saints on earth their anthems raise,  
Who taste the Saviour's grace;  
Let heathen too proclaim his praise,  
And crown him "Prince of peace."
2. Praise him who laid his glory by  
For man's apostate race;  
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die  
And crown him "Prince of peace."
3. Ye nations, lay your weapons down,  
Let war for ever cease;  
Immanuel for your Sovereign own,  
And crown him "Prince of peace."

Vill. Hymns.

## 139. BELIEF. C. M.

ARRANGED.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In  
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And  
 3. By him my prayers ac - cept-ance gain, Al -

CHORUS. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That

a be - liev - er's ear; It soothes his sor - rows,  
 calms the trou - bled breast; 'Tis man - na to the  
 though with sin de - - filed; Sa - tan ac - cus - es

'Je - sus died for me; And thro' his blood, his

heals his wounds, And drives a - - way his fear.  
 hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.  
 me in vain, And I am owned a child.

pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free:

4. Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
5. Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

Newton

**140. SALVATION BY GRACE. C. M.**

1. AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound—  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost, but now am found—  
Was blind, but now I see.
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares  
I have already come;  
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

Newton.

**141. LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M.**

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'T is music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud  
That earth and heaven should hear.
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

Doddridge.

## 142. ST. EDMUNDS. L. M.

HAYDN.

1. He dies, the Friend of sin - ners dies! Lo,  
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For

3. Here's love and grief be - yond de - gree: The

Salem's daughters weep a-round; A sol-emn dark-ness  
him who groaned beneath your load: He shed a thou-sand

Lord of glo - ry dies for men! But lo, what sud-den

veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.  
drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich - er blood.

joys we see: Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain!



4. The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him, Welcome to the skies.
  - 5. Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
  6. Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"  
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?  
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"
- Watts' Lyr.

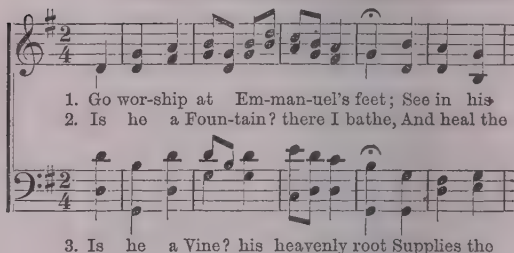


### 143. POWER OF THE CROSS. L. M.

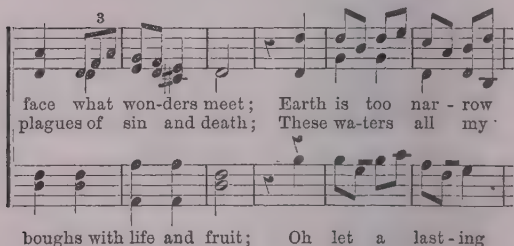
1. STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies;  
Hark! his expiring groans arise:  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.
2. But life attends the deathful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.
3. Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow  
And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
Insensible to love or pain?
4. Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,  
Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief and ardent love.

Steele.

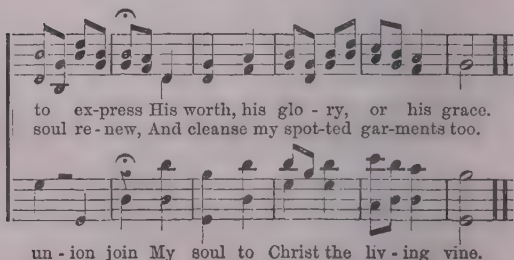
## 144. PORTUGAL. L. M. (89) THORLEY.



1. Go wor-ship at Em-man-uel's feet; See in his  
2. Is he a Foun-tain? there I bathe, And heal the  
3. Is he a Vine? his heavenly root Supplies the



face what won-ders meet; Earth is too nar - row  
plagues of sin and death; These wa-ters all my  
boughs with life and fruit; Oh let a last-ing



to ex-press His worth, his glo - ry, or his grace.  
soul re-new, And cleanse my spot-ted gar-ments too.  
un - ion join My soul to Christ the liv - ing vine.

4. Is he a Rock? how firm he proves!  
The Rock of ages never moves.  
Yet the sweet streams that from it flow  
Attend us all the desert through.
5. Is he a Sun? his beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness:  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase the clouds and dry their tears.
6. Oh let me climb those higher skies  
Where storms and darkness never rise:  
There he displays his powers abroad,  
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

Watts.



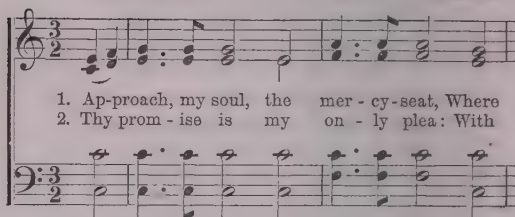
## 145. THE GOSPEL PERFECT. L. M. (90)

1. LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
2. In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
3. How well thy bless'd truths agree,  
How wise and holy thy commands;  
Thy promises, how firm they be;  
How firm our hope, our comfort stands.
4. Should all the schemes that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Watts.

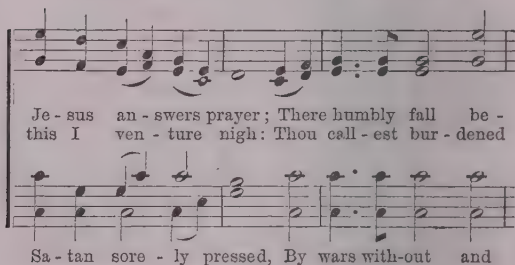
## 146. HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.



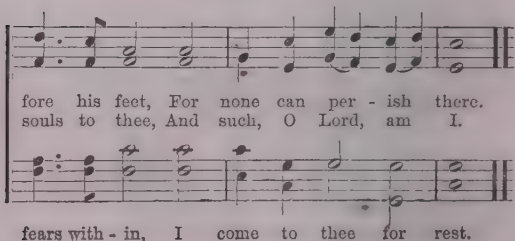
1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy-seat, Where  
2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea: With

3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By



Je - sus an - swers prayer; There humbly fall be -  
this I ven - ture nigh: Thou call - est bur - dened

Sa - tan sore - ly pressed, By wars with-out and



fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.  
souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

fears with - in, I come to thee for rest.

4. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him thou hast died.
5. Oh wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners such as I  
Might plead thy gracious name. Newton.



#### 147. THE THRONE OF GRACE. C. M.

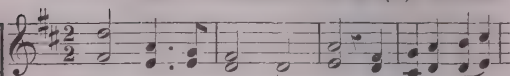
1. OH that I knew the secret place  
Where I might find my God;  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.
3. He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood. Watts.



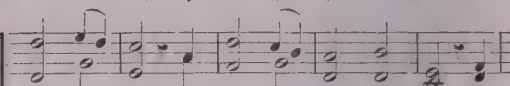
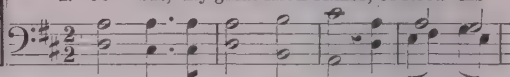
#### 148. BELIEVERS BLESSED. C. M.

1. BLEST are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn. Watts.

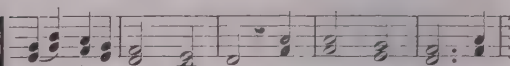
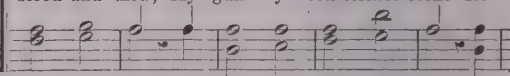
## 149. WARSAW. H. M. (91) T. CLARK.



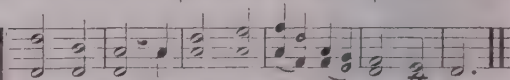
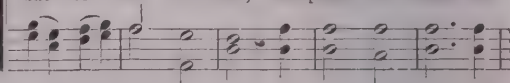
1. Join all the glo - rious names Of wis - dom  
 2. Je - sus, my great HIGH-PRIEST, Of-fered his



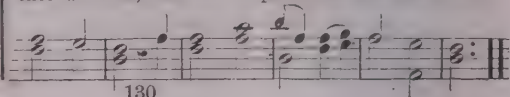
love and power, That ev - er mor - tals knew, That  
 blood and died; My guil - ty con-science seeks No



an - gels ev - er bore: All are too mean to  
 sac - ri - fice be-side; His power-ful blood did



speak his worth—Too mean to set my SAV-IOUR forth.  
 once a - tone, And now it pleads be - fore the throne.



3. My ADVOCATE appears  
 For my defence on high;  
 The Father bows his ears,  
 And lays his thunder by.  
 Not all that hell or sin can say,  
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.
4. My dear Almighty LORD,  
 My CONQUEROR and my KING,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace I sing.  
 Thine is the power; behold, I sit,  
 In willing bonds, beneath thy feet. Watts.
- 

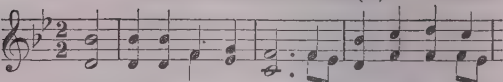
## 150. THE DEBT OF LOVE. H. M. (92)

1. COME, every pious heart  
 That loves the Saviour's name,  
 Your noblest powers exert  
 To celebrate his fame;  
 Tell all above and all below  
 The debt of love to him you owe.
2. He left his starry crown,  
 And laid his robes aside;  
 On wings of love came down,  
 And wept and bled and died:  
 What he endured, O who can tell?  
 To save our souls from death and hell.
3. From the dark grave he rose,  
 The mansion of the dead,  
 And thence his mighty foes  
 In glorious triumph led.  
 Up through the sky the conqueror rode,  
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

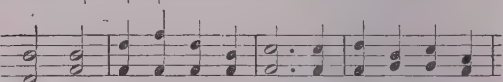
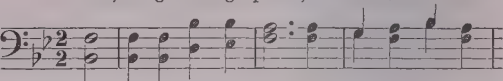
Stennett.

## 151. LENOX. H. M. (93)

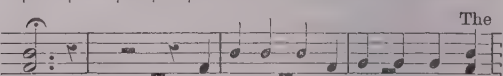
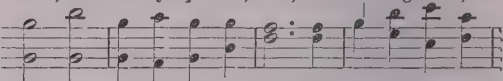
EDSON.



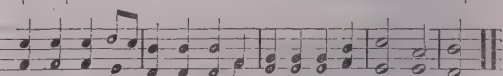
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow ; The glad-ly sol-emn  
 2. Jesus, our great High-priest, Has full a - tonement



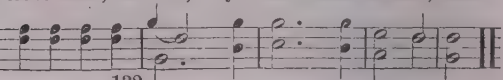
sound Let all the nations know, To earth's remot-est  
 made ; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest ; Ye mourning souls, be



bound : The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The  
 glad ; The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi -



year of jubilee is come ; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.  
 lee is come ; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sinners, home.





3. Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive;  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live;  
 The year of jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

4. Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood  
 Through all the world proclaim:  
 The year of jubilee is come,  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Toplady.

152. THE BELIEVER'S SURETY. H. M. (94)

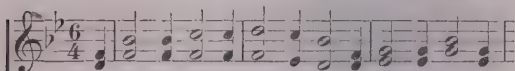
1. ARISE, my soul, arise,  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 A bleeding sacrifice  
 In thy behalf appears.  
 Before the throne my Surety stands;  
 My name is written on his hands.

2. Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Received on Calvary:  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me:  
 Forgive him, Oh forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

3. The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed One:  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son:  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

C. Wesley.

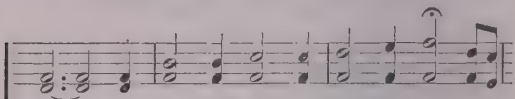
## 153. ORTONVILLE. C. M. (95) HASTINGS.



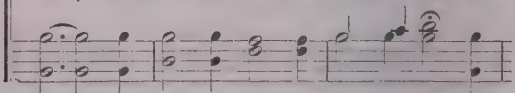
1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's  
2. No mortal can with him compare, Among the sons of



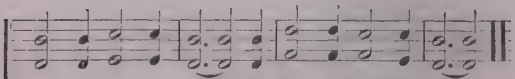
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re-



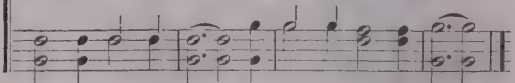
brow; His head with ra - dant glories crowned, His  
men; Fair - er is he than all the fair Who



lief; For me he bore the shame-ful cross, And



lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'erflow.  
fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.



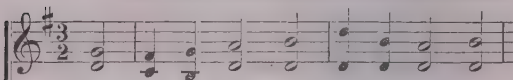
car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine. Stennett.
- 

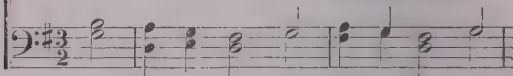
## 154. THE GOSPEL TRUMPET. C. M.

1. LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice:
2. Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind,
3. Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
4. Ho, ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
6. The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away. Watts.
- 135

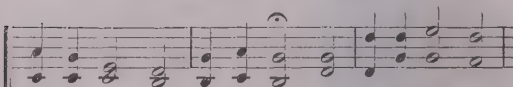
## 155. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (97) MASON.



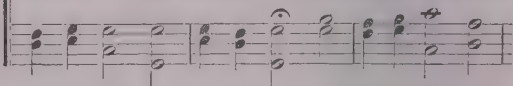
1. My dear Re-deem - er and my Lord, I  
 2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such



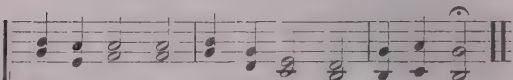
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Wit -



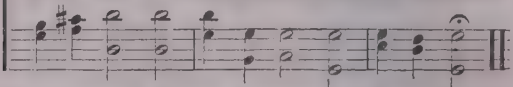
read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the  
 deference to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness



nessed the fer-vor of thy prayer; The des-ert thy temp-



law appears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.  
 so di - vine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.



ta-tions knew, Thy con - flict and thy vic - tory too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
 More of thy gracious image here;  
 Then God the Judge shall own my name  
 Among the followers of the Lamb. Watts.



**156. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS. L. M. (98)**

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of thee—  
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star:  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away;  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
 And Oh, may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me. Gregg.

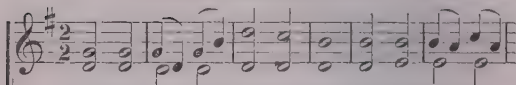


**157. DOXOLOGY. L. M.**

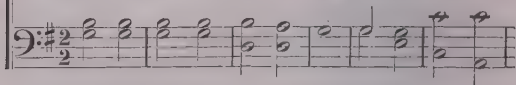
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 158. HENDON. 7s.

DR. MALAN.



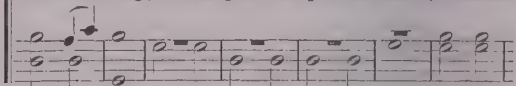
1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je - sus loves to  
 2. Thou art com-ing to a King, Large pe-ti-tions



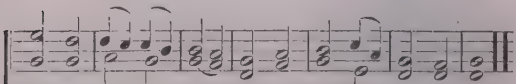
3. With my bur-den I be-gin: Lord, remove this



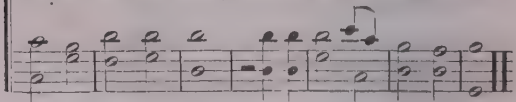
answer prayer; He him-self has bid thee pray, Therefore  
 with thee bring; For his grace and power are such, None can



load of sin; Let thy blood, for sin-ners spilt, Set my



will not say thee, Nay, Therefore will not say thee, Nay.  
 ev - er ask too much, None can ev - er ask too much.



conscience free from guilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.

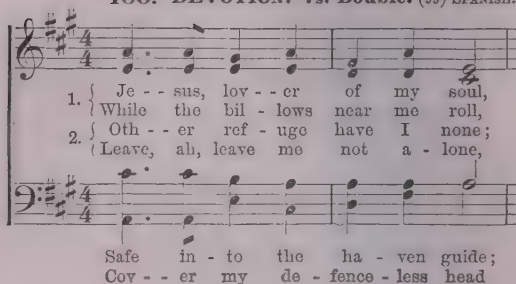
4. Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast:  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
5. While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
6. Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
• Let me die thy people's death. Newton.



### 159. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 7s.

1. TO thy pastures fair and large,  
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,  
And my couch, with tenderest care,  
'Mid the springing grass prepare.
2. When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
With thy rod and staff supplied—  
This my guard, and that my guide.
4. Constant to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home. Merrick.

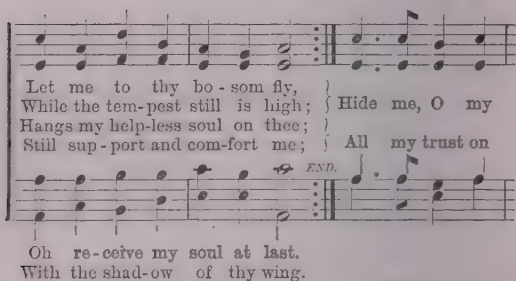
## 160. DEVOTION. 7s. Double. (99) SPANISH.



1. { Je - - sus, lov - - er of my soul,  
While the bil - lows near me roll,

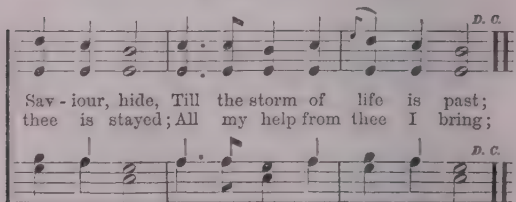
2. { Oth - - er ref - uge have I none;  
(Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;  
Cov - - er my de - fence - less head



Let me to thy bo - som fly, }  
While the tem - pest still is high; } Hide me, O my  
Hangs my help - less soul on thee; }  
Still sup - port and com - fort me; } All my trust on

Oh re - ceive my soul at last.  
With the shad - ow of thy wing.



Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;



3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want:  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace. Wesley.



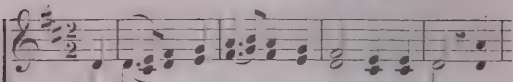
**161. WRESTLING FOR A BLESSING. 7s. (100)**

1. NAY, I cannot let thee go  
 Till a blessing thou bestow;  
 Do not turn away thy face,  
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.  
 Once a sinner near despair  
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer:  
 Mercy heard and set him free—  
 Lord, that mercy came to ME.
2. Many years have passed since then,  
 Many changes have I seen,  
 Yet have been upheld till now—  
 Who could hold me up but thou?  
 Nay, I must maintain my hold:  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:  
 I can no denial take  
 When I plead for Jesus' sake. Newton.

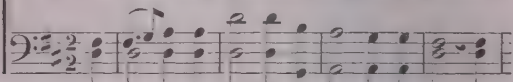


- 162. JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,**  
 Thine, and only thine I am:  
 Take my body, spirit, soul;  
 Only thou possess the whole.  
 Whom have I on earth below?  
 Thee and only thee I know;  
 Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
 Thou art all in all to me.

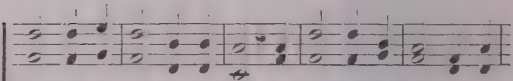
## 163. DULCIMER. 11s &amp; 8s. (101)



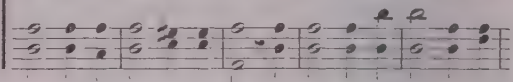
1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On
2. Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To



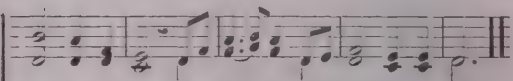
3. Oh why should I wander an al-ien from thee, Or



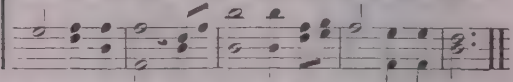
whom in af-flic-tion I call, My com-fort by day and my  
feed on the pastures of love? Say, why in the val-ley of



cry in the desert for bread? Thy foes will rejoice when my



song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.  
death should I weep, Or a-lone in the wil-derness rove?



sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

4. Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,  
 Thy soul-cheering favor impart;  
 And let thy sweet tokens of pardoning grace  
 Bring joy to my desolate heart. Swain.



**164. CHRIST THE BELOVED. 11s & 8s. (102)**

1. YE daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen  
 The Star that on Israel shone?  
 Say if in your tents my Belovéd has been,  
 And where with his flock he has gone.
2. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
 Is heard through the shadows of death;  
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
3. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
 To water the gardens of grace;  
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,  
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
4. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
 And myriads wait for his word;  
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,  
 Reëchoes the praise of the Lord. Swain.

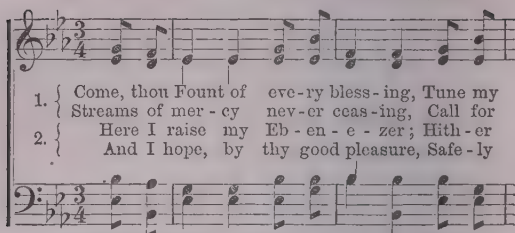


**165. JOYFUL PRAISE TO GOD. 11s & 8s. (103)**

1. BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
 Oh serve him with gladness and fear;  
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,  
 With love and devotion draw near.
2. For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
 And we are the work of his hand;  
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,  
 And shall to eternity stand. Epis. Col.



## 166. FOUNT. 8s &amp; 7s. Double. (104)

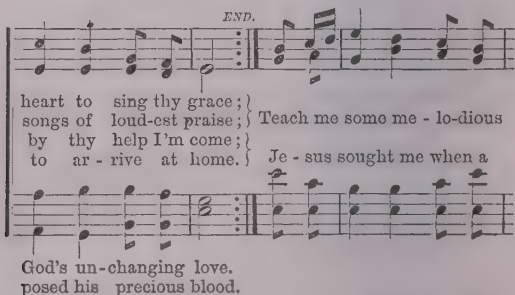


1. { Come, thou Fount of eve-ry bless-ing, Tune my  
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for

2. { Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly

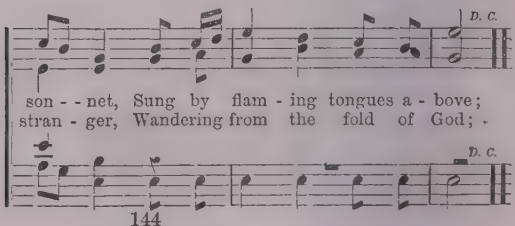
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of  
He to res-cue me from dan-ger In-ter-

END.



heart to sing thy grace; }  
songs of loud-est praise; } Teach me some me-lo-dious  
by thy help I'm come; }  
to ar-rive at home. } Je-sus sought me when a

God's un-changing love.  
posed his precious blood.



son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;  
stran-ger, Wandering from the fold of God; -

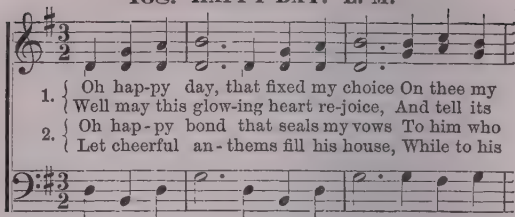
D. C.

3. Oh to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering soul to thee:  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart—Oh take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above. Robinson.

—◆◆—  
**167. A SUPPLIANT APPEAL. 8s & 7s. (105)**

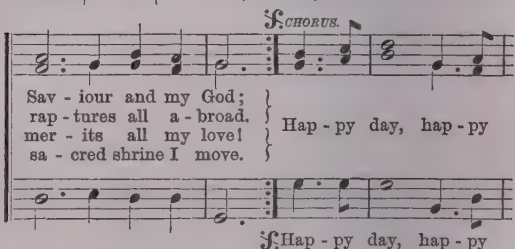
1. JESUS, full of all compassion,  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
 Let me know thy great salvation;  
 See, I languish, faint, and die.  
 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,  
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting—  
 Send, Oh send me quick relief.
2. Whither should a wretch be flying,  
 But to Him who comfort gives?  
 Whither, from the dread of dying,  
 But to Him who ever lives?  
 On the word thy blood hath sealéd  
 Hangs my everlasting all;  
 Let thine arm be now revealéd,  
 Stay, Oh stay me, lest I fall.
3. While I view thee wounded, grieving,  
 Breathless on th' accursed tree,  
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
 Thou didst suffer thus for me.  
 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory  
 Through the shining realms above;  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptured with thy love. Turner.

## 168. HAPPY DAY. L. M.



1. { Oh hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee my  
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joyce, And tell its

2. { Oh hap-py bond that seals my vows To him who  
Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to his

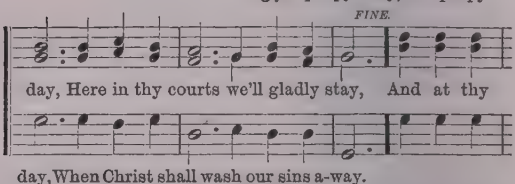


*CHORUS.*

Sav - iour and my God;  
rap - tures all a - broad.  
mer - its all my love!  
sa - cred shrine I move.

Hap - py day, hap - py

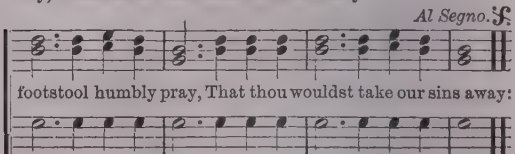
Hap - py day, hap - py



*FINE.*

day, Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy

day, When Christ shall wash our sins a-way.



*Al Segno.*

footstool humbly pray, That thou wouldst take our sins away:

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
 CHORUS—Happy day, happy day!
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blissful centre rest;  
 With ashes who would grudge to part,  
 When called on angels' bread to feast?
5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

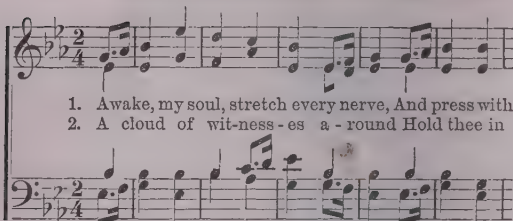
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169. SELF-CONSECRATION. L. M.

1. NOW I resolve, with all my heart,  
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;  
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
 Whose service is a rich reward.  
 CHORUS—Happy day, happy day!
2. Oh be his service all my joy;  
 Around let my example shine,  
 Till others love the blest employ,  
 And join in labors so divine.
3. Be this the purpose of my soul,  
 My solemn, my determined choice,  
 To yield to his supreme control,  
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
4. Oh may I never faint, nor tire,  
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:  
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

Steele.

## 170. CHRISTMAS. C. M. (106) HANDEL.



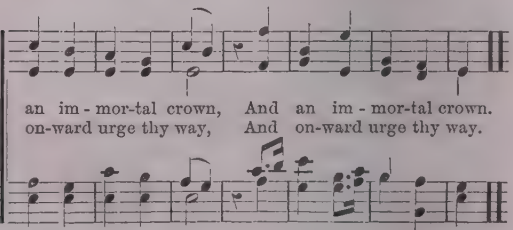
1. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with  
 2. A cloud of wit-ness-es a-round Hold thee in

3. 'Tis God's all-an - i - mating voice That calls thee



vig - or on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, And  
 full sur - vey; For - get the steps al-ready trod, And

from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To



an im - mor-tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.  
 on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.

thine as - pir-ing eye, To thine as - pir-ing eye.



4. That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast  
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
5. Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down. Doddridge.
- 

**171. WITHIN THE VEIL. C. M. (107)**

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be!
2. Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins and doubts and fears.
3. I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
4. They marked the footsteps that he trod—  
His zeal inspired their breast—  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possessed the promised rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven. Watts.

## 172. NUREMBERG. 7s.

GERMAN.

1. { Once I thought my moun-tain strong,  
Then my Sav-iour was my song,  
2. { Lit-tle then my-self I knew,  
Now I feel my sins a-new,

Firm-ly fixed, no more to move; }  
Then my soul was filled with love; } Those were hap-py  
Lit-tle thought of Sa-tan's power; }  
Now I feel the storm-y hour. } Sin has put my

gold-en days, Sweet-ly spent in prayer and praise.  
joys to flight; Sin has turned my day to night.

3. Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,  
    Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
    Far away the tempter drive;  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.

Newton.



## 173. PILGRIM'S SONG. 7s.

Omitting the Repeat.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock and blest;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:  
There your seat is now prepared—  
There your kingdom and reward.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
5. Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

## 174. DEDHAM. C. M. (108) GARDNER.



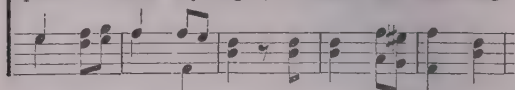
1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The  
2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His



3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And



Sav - iour's par-doning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my  
prais - es tuned my tongue; And when the eve - ning



saw his glo - ry shine: And when I read his



soul from guilt And bring me home to God.  
shades pre-vailed, His love was all my song.



ho - - ly word, I called each prom - ise mine.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
5. My prayers are now an empty noise,  
For Jesus hides his face:  
I read—the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.
6. Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,  
And make my soul thy care;  
I know thy mercy cannot fail—  
Let me that mercy share.

Newton.



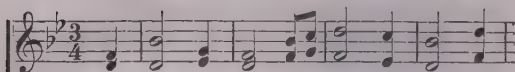
## 175. THE GIVER OF ALL GOOD. C. M. (109)

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
3. Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
4. Through all eternity, to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise:  
But Oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

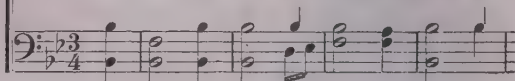
Addison.

## 176. AVON. C. M. (110)

SCOTTISH.



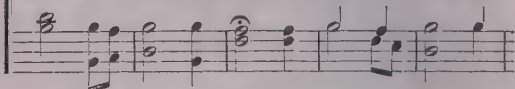
1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A  
 2. Oh for a heart sub-mis-sive, meek, My



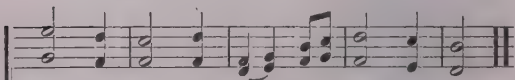
3. Oh for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be -



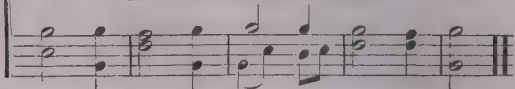
heart from sin set free— A heart that's sprin-kled  
 great Re - deemer's throne; Where on - ly Christ is



liev - ing, true, and clean; Which nei - ther life nor



with the blood So free - ly shed for me.  
 heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.



death can part From Him that dwells with - in.

4. A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect and right, and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.
5. Thy temper, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above:  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of LOVE.

Wesley.



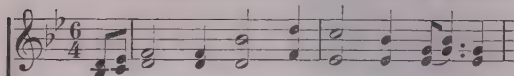
## 177. GOD RECONCILED. C. M. (111)

1. DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?
2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
3. Till God in human form I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terror to my mind.
4. But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.
5. While Jews on their own law rely;  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love the incarnate Mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

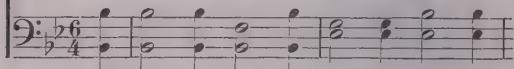
Watts.

## 178. MAITLAND. C. M.

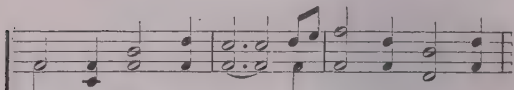
WESTERN.



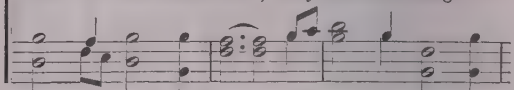
1. Dear Ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On  
 2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For



3. But Oh, when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I



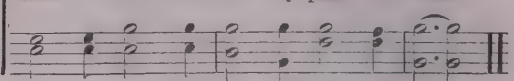
thee when sor - rows rise, On thee when waves of  
 thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a



fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort



trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.  
 sweet re - lief For eve - - ry pain I feel.



seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.



4. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust. Steele.
- 

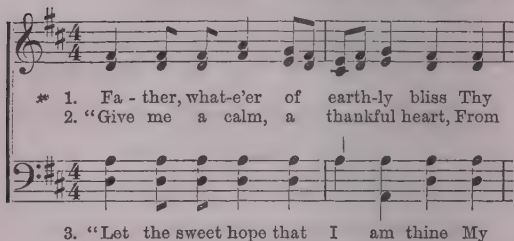
## 179. WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER. C. M.

1. ALAS, what hourly dangers rise,  
What snares beset my way!  
To heaven Oh let me lift my eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
2. O gracious God, in whom I live,  
My feeble efforts aid;  
Help me to watch and pray and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
3. Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
When foes and fears prevail;  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
4. Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,  
And bid the tempter flee:  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee. Steele.
- 

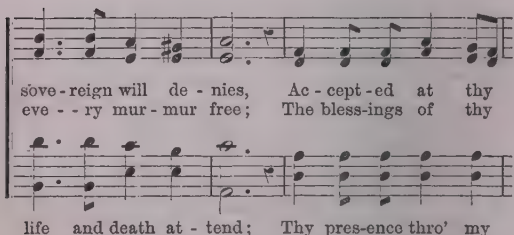
## 180. REST IN VIEW. C. M.

1. WE seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day:  
Through floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus guards the way.
2. The swelling flood and raging flame  
Hear and obey his word:  
Then let us triumph in his name:  
Our Saviour is THE LORD. Newton.

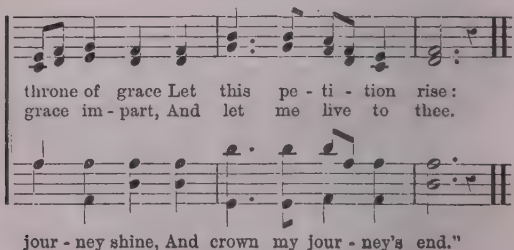
## 181. NAOMI. C. M. (112) DR. MASON.



\* 1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy  
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From  
3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine My



sove - reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy  
eve - - ry mur - mur free; The bless - ings of thy  
life and death at - tend; Thy pres - ence thro' my



throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:  
grace im - part, And let me live to thee.  
jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end."

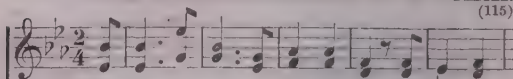
## 182. WALKING WITH GOD. C. M. (113)

1. OH, could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then should my hours glide sweet away  
While leaning on his word.
2. Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine. Meth. Col.

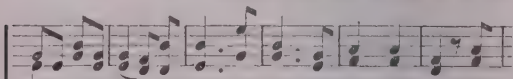
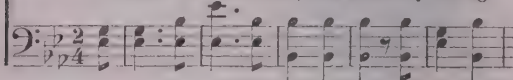


## 183. "ABBA! FATHER!" C. M. (114)

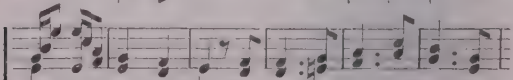
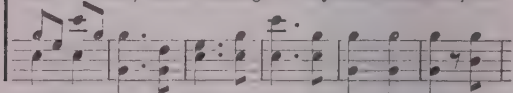
1. SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim;  
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,  
Disdain a Father's name.
2. My Father, God—how sweet the sound—  
How tender and how dear!  
Not all the harmony of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.
3. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On my expanding heart;  
And show that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.
4. Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe,  
And "Abba, Father," humbly cry;  
Nor can the sign deceive. Doddridge.

184. BRATTLE-STREET. C. M. PLEYEL.  
(115)

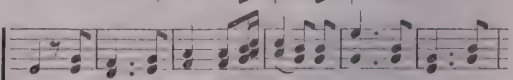
1. While thee I seek, protect-ing Power, Be my vain  
2. In each e-vent of life, how clear Thy rul-ing



wish-es stilled; And may this con-se-cra-ted hour With  
hand I see; Each blessing to my soul most dear, Be-



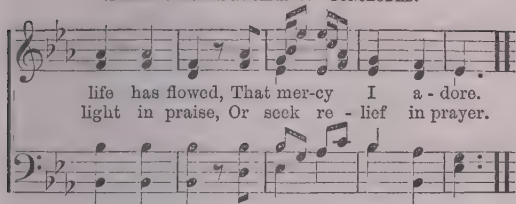
bet-ter hopes be filled. Thy love the power of tho't be-  
cause conferred by thee. In eve-ry joy that crowns my



stowed, To thee my tho'ts would soar; Thy mercy o'er my  
days, In eve-ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de-



## BRATTLE-STREET. CONCLUDED.



life has flowed, That mer-cy I a-dore.  
light in praise, Or seek re-lief in prayer.

3. When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.  
My lifted eye without a tear  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—  
That heart shall rest on thee. Williams.

## 185. THE PEACE OF GOD. C. M. (116)

1. UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
In silence soft and sweet;  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's feet.  
Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend;  
For lo, the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my friend.
2. Harmonious accents to my soul  
The sounds of peace convey;  
The tempest at his word subsides,  
And winds and seas obey.  
By all its joys I charge my heart  
To grieve his love no more;  
But, charmed by melody divine,  
To give its follies o'er. 161

Doddridge.

## 186. I'M A PILGRIM. P. M.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can

I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can

tar - - ry, I can tar - - ry but a night.

tar - - ry, I can tar - - ry but a night.

Do not de - - tain me, for I am

go - ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing:

2. There the glory is ever shining!  
 Oh my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
 Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
3. There's the city to which I journey;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying!  
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.



187. "REMEMBER ME!" C. M.

Tune BRATTLE-STREET, No. 184.

1. O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my soul to thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 O Lord, remember me!
2. If, for thy sake, upon my name  
 Reproach and shame shall be,  
 I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame:  
 O Lord, remember me!
3. When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble body see;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:  
 O Lord, remember me!
4. When, in the solemn hour of death,  
 I wait thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath:  
 O Lord, remember me!
5. And when before thy throne I stand,  
 And lift my soul to thee,  
 Thou, with the saints at thy right hand,  
 O Lord, remember me!

Hawes.

## 188. AUTUMN. 8s &amp; 7s. Double.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to

leave and fol - low thee; Na - ked, poor, despised, for -

Yet how rich is my con -

sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be. Per - ish

di - tion; God and heaven are still my own.

*Al Segno.*

eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;



2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
They have left my Saviour too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not like them untrue:  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;  
Show thy face, and all is bright.
3. Man may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

H. F. Lyte.

## 189. ASSURANCE. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Think that Jesus died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

## 190. GLORYING IN THE CROSS. 8s &amp; 7s.

Tune AUTUMN, No. 188.

1. IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
     Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
     Gathers round its head sublime.  
 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
     Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me;  
     Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
2. When the sun of bliss is beaming  
     Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
     Adds more lustre to the day.  
 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
     By the cross are sanctified;  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
     Joys that through all time abide.   Bowring.



## 191. SPIRITUAL HARVEST. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. HE that goeth forth with weeping,  
     Bearing still the precious seed,  
 Never tiring, never sleeping,  
     All his labor shall succeed.  
 Then will fall the rain of heaven,  
     Then the sun of mercy shine;  
 Precious fruits will then be given,  
     Through an influence divine.
2. Sow thy seed, be never weary,  
     Nor let fears thy mind employ;  
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,  
     Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.

Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,  
 See the rising grain appear:  
 Look again; the fields are whitening;  
 Sure the harvest-time is near. Ch. Psalmist.



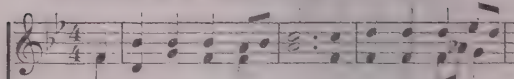
**192. JESUS WEPT. 8s. & 7s.**

Tune AUTUMN, No. 188.

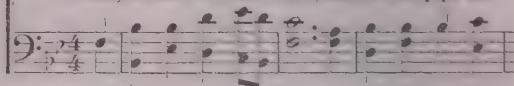
1. JESUS wept! those tears are over,  
 But his heart is still the same:  
 Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother  
 Is his everlasting name.  
 :| Saviour, who can love like thee,  
 Gracious One of Bethany?|:
2. When the pangs of trial seize us,  
 When the waves of sorrow roll,  
 I will lay my head on Jesus,  
 Pillow of the troubled soul.  
 :| Surely none can feel like thee,  
 Weeping One of Bethany. |:
3. Jesus wept, and still in glory  
 He can mark each mourner's tear,  
 Living to retrace the story  
 Of the hearts he solaced here.  
 :| Lord, when I am called to die,  
 Let me think of Bethany. |:
4. Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow  
 Is a legacy of love;  
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
 He the same doth ever prove.  
 :| Thou art all in all to me,  
 Living One of Bethany. |:

## 193. AIN. S. M. Double.

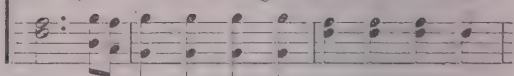
CORELLI.



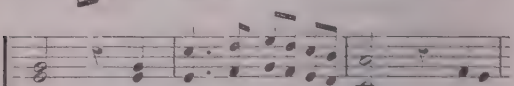
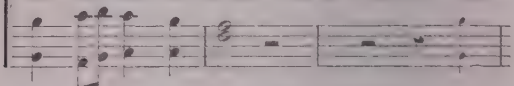
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be



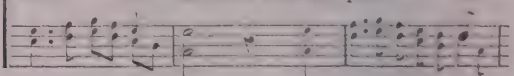
known; Join in a song of sweet ae - cord. And



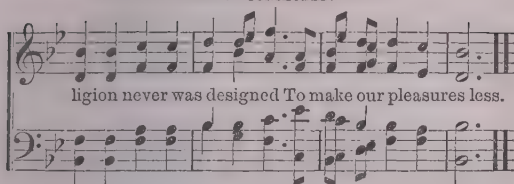
thus sur-round the throne. The sor - rows of the



mind Be ban-ish'd from the place: Re -



## AIN. CONCLUDED.



2. Let those refuse to sing  
 That never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.  
 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.
3. The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets.  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

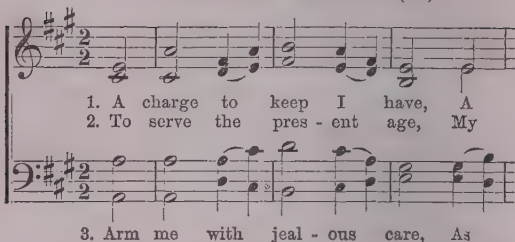
Watts.



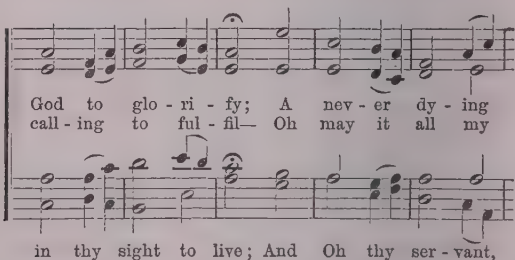
194. I STAND on Zion's mount,  
 And view my starry crown;  
 No power on earth my hope can shake,  
 Nor hell can thrust me down.  
 The vaulted heavens shall fall,  
 Built by Jehovah's hands;  
 But firmer than the heavens the Rock  
 Of my salvation stands.

Swain.

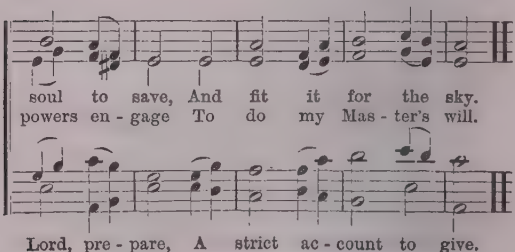
## 195. KENTUCKY. S. M. (117)



1. A charge to keep I have, A  
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My  
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As



God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing  
 call - ing to ful - fil - Oh may it all my  
 in thy sight to live; And Oh thy ser - vant,



soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
 powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.  
 Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on thy grace rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall for ever die.

C. Wesley.

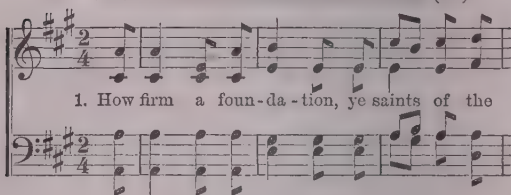


## 196. ZION'S GLAD TIDINGS. S. M.

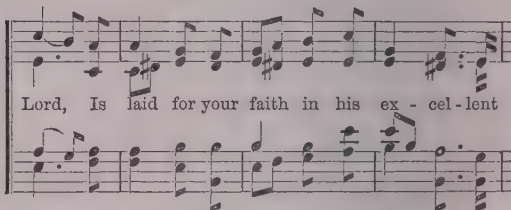
1. HOW beauteous are their feet  
 Who stand on Zion's hill;  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal.
2. How charming is their voice,  
 How sweet the tidings are!  
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King;  
 He reigns and triumphs here."
3. How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound,  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found.
4. How blessed are our eyes,  
 That see this heavenly light;  
 Prophets and kings desired it long,  
 But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ;  
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm  
 Through all the earth abroad:  
 Let every nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

Watts.

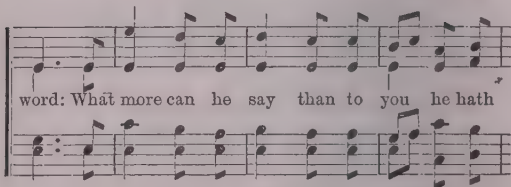
## 197. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. (119)



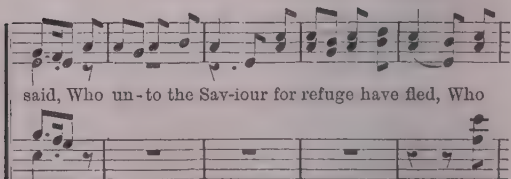
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the



Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent



word: What more can he say than to you he hath

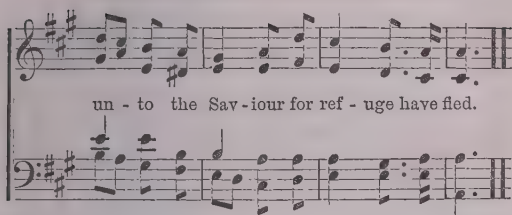


said, Who un-to the Sav-iour for refuge have fled, Who



## SOCIAL WORSHIP.

### PORTUGUESE HYMN. CONCLUDED.



2. Fear not, I am with thee ; Oh be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And then when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes:  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Kirkham.

## 198. HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That

calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my  
And oft es-caped the

FINE.

Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known: In  
tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Al Segno.

seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief,

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless:  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
May I thy consolations share,  
Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height  
I view my home and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

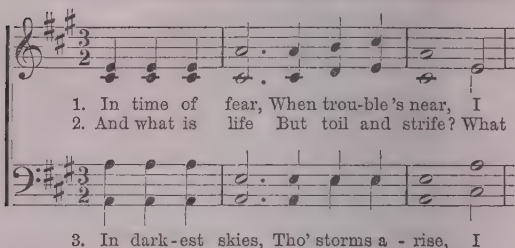


### 199. COMMUNION WITH GOD. L. M.

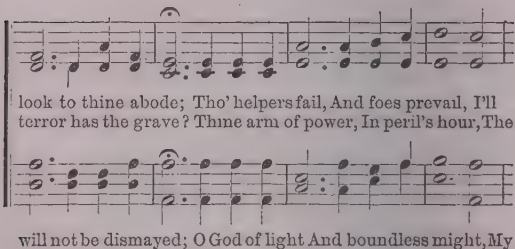
1. OH that I could for ever dwell,  
Like Mary, at my Saviour's feet,  
And view the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat.  
The world shut out from all my soul,  
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,  
Oh, is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this?
2. This is the hidden life I prize,  
A life of penitential love,  
When most my follies I despise,  
And raise the highest thoughts above.  
Thus would I live till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake;  
Then rise to God within the veil,  
And of eternal joys partake.

Reed.

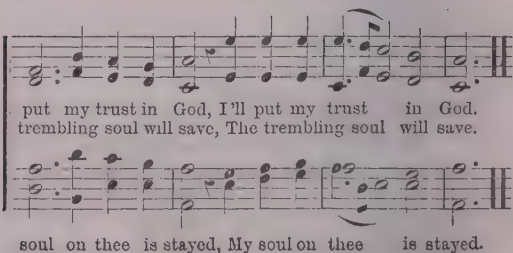
## 200. ARCADIA. C. M. DR. HASTINGS.



1. In time of fear, When trouble's near, I  
2. And what is life But toil and strife? What  
3. In dark-est skies, Tho' storms a - rise, I



look to thine abode; Tho' helpers fail, And foes prevail, I'll  
terror has the grave? Thine arm of power, In peril's hour, The  
will not be dismayed; O God of light And boundless might, My



put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.  
trembling soul will save, The trembling soul will save.  
soul on thee is stayed, My soul on thee is stayed.

## 201. THE ALMIGHTY FRIEND. C. M.

1. WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,  
And where's our courage fled?  
Have restless sin and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot the almighty Name  
That formed the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?
3. Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak,  
And treads their foes to hell.
4. Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigor cease;  
But those that wait upon the Lord  
Shall feel their strength increase.
5. The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

Watts.

## 202. HAVE FAITH IN CHRIST. C. M.

1. YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears;  
Be mercy all your theme—  
Mercy, which like a river flows,  
In one perpetual stream.
2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell;  
Those powers will God restrain;  
His arm shall all their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.

Beddome.

## 203. ARLINGTON. C. M. (120)

1. With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of  
 2. Touched with a sym - pa - thy with - in, He

3. He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Poured

our High-priest a - - bove; His heart is made of  
 knows our fee - - ble frame; He knows what sore temp-

out his cries and tears, And in his meas - ure

ten - der - ness, His bow - els melt with love.  
 ta - tions mean, For he has felt the same.

feels a - fresh What eve - ry mem - ber bears.

4. Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his power;  
 We shall obtain delivering grace  
 In each distressing hour.

Watts.



**204. SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE. C. M. (121)**

1. IN thy great name, O Lord, we come  
 To worship at thy feet;  
 Oh pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all that now shall meet.
2. We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice:  
 Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;  
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

Hoskins.



**205. PRAYER INSPIRED. C. M. (122)**

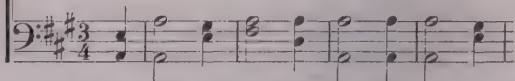
1. PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
 Returning whence it came;  
 Love is the sacred fire within,  
 And prayer the rising flame.
2. It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
 And soothes the troubled breast,  
 Yields comfort to the mourner here,  
 And to the weary rest.
3. When God inclines the heart to pray,  
 He hath an ear to hear;  
 To him there's music in a groan,  
 And beauty in a tear.
4. The humble suppliant cannot fail  
 To have his wants supplied,  
 Since He for sinners intercedes  
 Who once for sinners died.

Beddome,

## 206. BALERMA. ° C. M. (123) SCOTTISH.



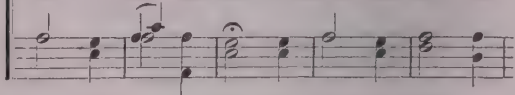
1. Oh for a clos - er walk with God; A  
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When



3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed; How



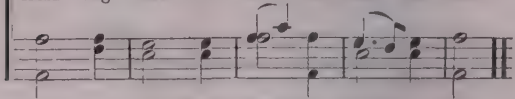
calm and heav - en - ly frame; A light to shine up -  
 first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re -



sweet their mem - ory still; But they have left an



on the road That leads me to the Lamb.  
 fresh - ing view Of Je - - sus and his word?



ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.



4. Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Cowper.



## 207. AFFLICTIONS SWEETENED. C. M. (124)

1. WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
And long to fly away:
2. Sweet to reflect, how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember, that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid:
3. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend:
4. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his.

Toplady.

## 208. COME, LET US PRAY. C. M.

Tune, CALM AND BEAUTIFUL, No. 373.

1. Come, let us pray: 't is sweet to feel  
That God himself is near;  
That while we at his footstool kneel,  
His mercy deigns to hear.  
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,  
This is our solace: let us pray.
2. Come, let us pray: the burning brow  
The heart oppressed with care,  
And all the woes that throng us now,  
Will be relieved by prayer.  
Jesus will smile our griefs away:  
Oh glorious thought! come, let us pray.
3. Come, let us pray: the sin-sick soul  
Her weight of guilt must feel:  
But hark! the joyous tidings roll,  
While yet we humbly kneel—  
Jesus will wash that guilt away,  
And pardon grant; then let us pray.
4. Come, let us pray: the mercy-seat  
Invites the fervent prayer,  
And Jesus ready stands to greet  
The contrite spirit there.  
Oh loiter not, nor longer stay  
From him who loves us: let us pray.



## 209. "THE SECRET PLACE." C. M.

Tune, BALERMA, No. 206.

1. THERE is a safe and secret place  
Beneath the wings divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:  
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2. The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.
3. He feeds in pastures large and fair,  
Of love and truth divine;  
Oh child of God, Oh glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!
4. A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all!

Hawley.

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210. FIRM AS MOUNT ZION. C. M.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
2. Not walls, nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.
3. Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of Paradise,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

Watts.

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211. DOXOLOGY. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son  
And Spirit be adored,  
Where there are works to make him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

## 212. "COME, YE DISCONSOLATE." WEBBE.

SOLI.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye  
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters

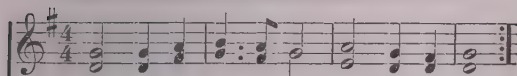
lan - guish, Come, at the mer - cy-seat fer - vent - ly  
 stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and  
 flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, boundless in

kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
 pure: Here speaks the Comfort-er, in mer - cy  
 love: Come to the feast prepared: come, ev - er

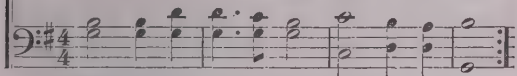
Repeat as CHORUS.

anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.  
 say - ing, Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.  
 know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

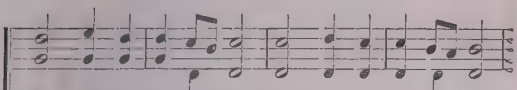
213. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s & 4s.



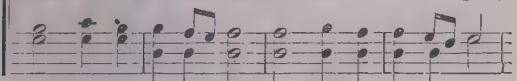
1. { I'm but a stranger here, Heaven is my home ; }  
 { Earth is a des-ert drear, Heaven is my home ; }
2. { What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home ; }  
 { Short is my pil-grimage, Heaven is my home ; }



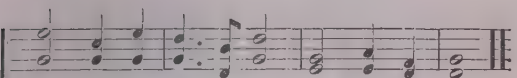
3. { There at my Saviour's side, Heaven is my home ; }  
 { I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heaven is my home ; }



Dan - ger and sorrow stand Round me on eve - ry hand ;  
 Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o - ver - past,



There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best ;

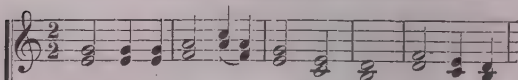


Heaven is my fa - therland, Heaven is my home.  
 I shall reach home at last ; Heaven is my home.



There too I soon shall rest ; Heaven is my home.

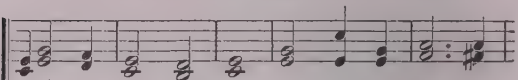
## 214. ZEPHYR. L. M. (125) BRADBURY.



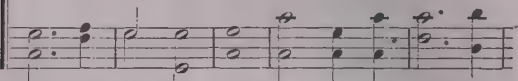
1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds In sweet com -  
 2. To each, the soul of each how dear; What tender



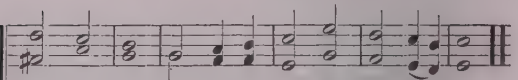
3. Nor shall the glowing flame ex - pire, When dimly



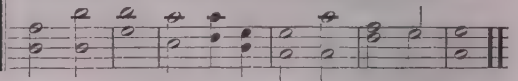
- mun - ion kin - dred minds; How swift the heaven - ly  
 love, what ho - - ly fear; How does the gen - crous



- burns frail na - ture's fire; Then shall they meet, in



- course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.  
 flame with - in Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.



- realms a - bove, A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

BARBAULD.

## 215. LONGING FOR GOD. L. M. (126)

1. UP to the fields where angels lie  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
2. Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this world of guilt remove;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.
3. Oh might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be,  
How despicable to my eyes!
4. Great All in all, eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace. Watts.



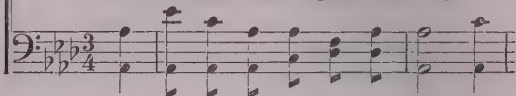
## 216. PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. L. M. (127)

1. PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.
2. If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—pray.
3. 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though thought be broken, language lame;  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name. Hart.

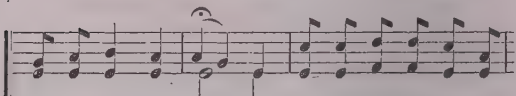
## 217. WIRTH. C. M. (128) BRADBURY.



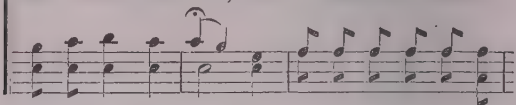
1. Ye hum-ble souls, approach your God With  
 2. All na-ture owns his guar-dian care; In



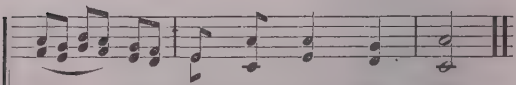
3. He gave his Son, his on - ly Son, To



songs of sa-cred praise; For he is good, supremely  
 him we live and move; But no-bler ben-e-fits de -



ran-som reb - el worms; 'Tis here he makes his goodness



good, And kind are all his ways.  
 clare The won - ders of his love.



known, In its di - - vin - - est forms.



4. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
     'Tis here our hope relies:  
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
     When storms of trouble rise.
5. Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
     The souls who trust in thee;  
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
     With bliss divinely free.

Steele.



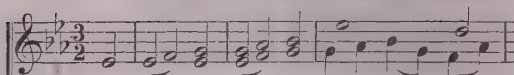
## 218. LOVE TO CHRIST. C. M. (129)

1. DO not I love thee, O my Lord?  
     Behold my heart, and see;  
 And turn each curséd idol out  
     That dares to rival thee.
2. Do not I love thee from my soul?  
     Then let me nothing love:  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
     When Jesus cannot move.
3. Is not thy name melodious still  
     To mine attentive ear?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
     My Saviour's voice to hear?
4. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
     I would disdain to feed?  
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
     I fear thy cause to plead?
5. Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
     But Oh, I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
     And learn to love thee more.

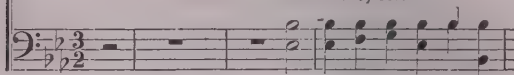
Doddridge.

## 219. GENEVA. C. M.

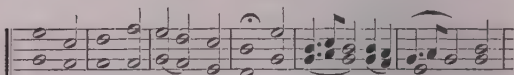
J. COLE.



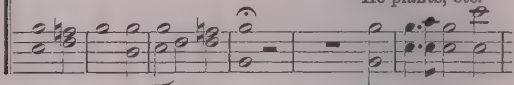
1. God moves in a mys - te - - - - - rious  
 God moves, etc.  
 God moves, etc.



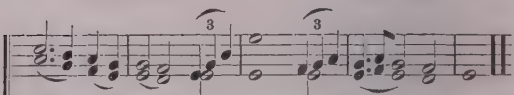
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - - - - - ble



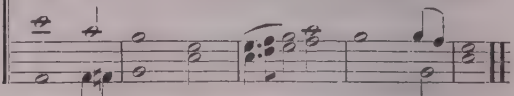
way His wonders to perform : He plants his foot - steps  
 He plants, etc.



' mines Of never fail - ing skill, He treas - ures up his



in the sea, And rides up - - - on the storm.



bright de - signs, And works his sove-reign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

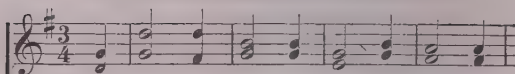


## 220. PRAISE TO CHRIST. C. M.

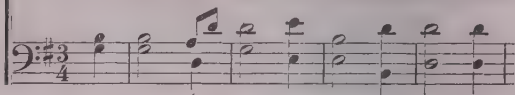
1. TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!  
Oh may his love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue.
2. Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
3. Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

Mrs. Steele.

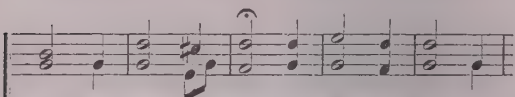
## 221. MEAR. C. M. (130)



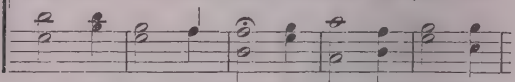
1. How sad our state by na - ture is; Our  
 2. But there's a voice of sovereign grace Sounds



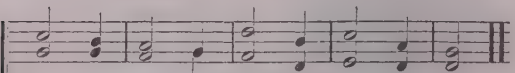
3. My soul o - beys th'al-migh - ty call, And



- sin, how deep it stains; And Sa - tan binds our  
 from the sa - cred word: "Ho, ye de - spair - ing



- runs to this re - lief; I would be - lieve thy



- cap - tive minds Fast in his slav - ish chains.  
 sin - ners, come, And trust up - on the Lord."



- prom - ise, Lord; Oh, help my un - be - lief.

4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
5. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All. Watts.



## 222. REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST. C. M. (131)

1. IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie,  
If tender thoughts within us burn  
To feel a friend is nigh—
2. Oh, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died, our fears to quell,  
And save from death and woe?
3. While yet in anguish he surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed—  
“Meet and remember me!”
4. Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—  
Our sinful hearts to share:  
Oh, memory, leave no other name  
But His recorded there! Noel.



## 223. GOD OUR REFUGE. C. M.

- O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Watts.

## 224. PETERBOROUGH. C. M. (132)

1. My drow-sy powers, why sleep ye so!  
 2. The lit-tle ants for one poor grain  
 3. We, for whose sake all na-ture stands,

A-wake, my slug-gish soul! Noth-ing has half thy  
 La-bor and tug and strive; Yet we, who have a  
 And stars their cours-es move—We, for whose guard the

work to do, Yet noth-ing's half so dull.  
 heaven t'ob-tain, How neg- - - li-gent we live.  
 an-gel bands Come fly - - - ing from a - bove:

4. We, for whom God the Son came down,  
And labored for our good:  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!
5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts!  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
6. Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise; <sup>3</sup>  
With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
We'll fly, and take the prize. Watts.



### 225. SCRIPTURE RICHNESS. C. M. (133)

1. LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
2. I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove  
With ever new delight.
3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
4. The blest relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest. Watts.

## 226. SILOAM. C. M.

WOODBURY.

1. How sweet and aw - - ful is the  
2. While all our hearts and all our

3. "Why was I made to hear thy

place, With Christ with - in the doors; While ev - er -  
songs Join to ad - mire the feast, Each of us  
voice And en - ter while there's room, When thousands

last - ing love dis-plays The choic-est of her stores.  
cries with thankful tongue, "Lord, why was I a guest?"  
make a wretched choice, And rath-er starve than come?"



4. 'T was the same love that spread the feast  
 That sweetly forced us in;  
 Else we had still refused to taste,  
 And perished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,  
 Constrain the earth to come;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

Watts.



## 227. THE CHURCH OF GOD ONE. C. M.

1. LET saints below in concert sing  
 With those to glory gone;  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2. One family—we dwell in him—  
 One church above, beneath,  
 Though now divided by the stream,  
 The narrow stream of death.

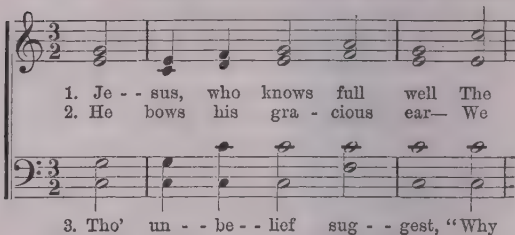
3. One army of the living God,  
 To his command we bow;  
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

4. E'en now to their eternal home  
 Some happy spirits fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And soon expect to die.

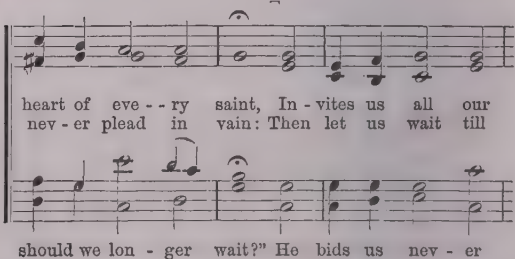
5. Lord Jesus, be our constant guide;  
 And when the word is given,  
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide  
 And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

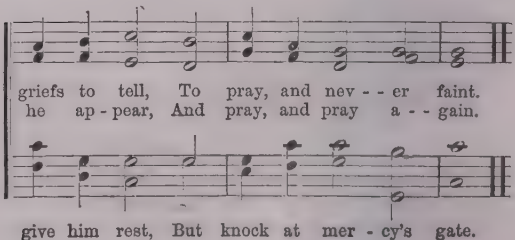
## 228. BOYLSTON. S. M. (134) MASON.



1. Je - - sus, who knows full well The  
2. He bows his gra - cious ear— We  
3. Tho' un - - be - - lief sug - - gest, "Why



heart of eve - - ry saint, In - vites us all our  
nev - er plead in vain: Then let us wait till  
should we lon - ger wait?" He bids us nev - er



griefs to tell, To pray, and nev - - er faint.  
he ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - - gain.  
give him rest, But knock at mer - cy's gate.

4. Then let us earnest cry,  
 And never faint in prayer;  
 He sees, he hears, and from on high  
 Will make our cause his care. Newton.
- 

**229. COMPASSION OF GOD. S. M. (135)**

1. My soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great;  
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
 So ready to abate.
2. High as the heavens are raised  
 Above the ground we tread,  
 So far the riches of his grace  
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 
3. The pity of the Lord,  
 To those that fear his name,  
 Is such as tender parents feel;  
 He knows our feeble frame.
4. He knows we are but dust,  
 Scattered by every breath;  
 His anger, like a rising wind,  
 Can send us swift to death.
- 
5. Our days are as the grass,  
 Or like the morning flower:  
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
 It withers in an hour.
6. But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To endless years endure;  
 And children's children ever find  
 Thy words of promise sure. Watts.

## 230. TRURO. L. M.

BURNBY.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro'  
 2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the

3. Cheer-ful we tread the des-ert thro', While faith in-

des - erts dark as night: Till we ar - rive at heaven, our  
 pearl - y gates ap-pear; Far in - to distant worlds she

spires a heavenly ray, Tho' li - ons roar and tempests

home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.  
 pries, And brings e - ter - - nal glo - ries near.

blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.

4. So Abram, by divine command,  
 Left his own house to walk with God:  
 His faith beheld the promised land,  
 And fired his zeal along the road.

Watts.



### 231. SINFUL JOYS ABJURED. L. M.

1. I SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
2. Your streams were floating me along  
 Down to the gulf of dark despair;  
 And while I listened to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warned me of that dark abyss;  
 That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
 And bade me seek superior bliss.
4. Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;  
 Oh for the pinions of a dove,<sup>3</sup>  
 To bear me to the upper skies.
5. There, from the bosom of my God,  
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll;  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

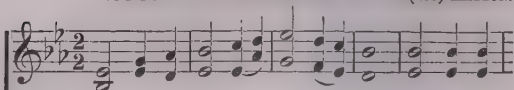
Watts.



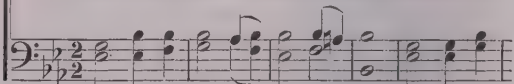
### 232. DOXOLOGY. L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
 Be glory as it was of old,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

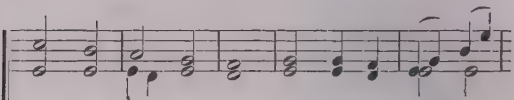
## 233. DUKE-STREET. L. M. (136) HATTON.



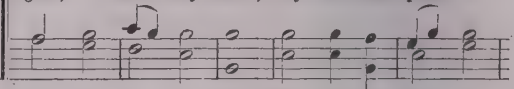
1. No more, my God—I boast no more Of all the  
2. Now, for the love I bear his name, What was my



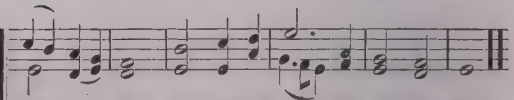
3. Yes, and I must and will es - teem All things but



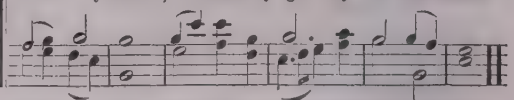
du - ties I have done; I quit the hopes I  
gain, I count my loss; My for - mer pride I



loss for Je - sus' sake; Oh, may my soul be



held be - fore, To trust the mer - its of thy Son.  
call my shame, And nail my glo - ry to his cross.



found in him, And of his right-eousness par-take.

4. The best obedience of my hands  
 Dares not appear before thy throne;  
 But faith can answer thy demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

Watts.

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**234. NECESSITY OF LOVE. L. M. (137)**

1. HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
 And nobler speech than angels use,  
 If love be absent, I am found,  
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
2. Were I inspired to preach, and tell  
 All that is done in heaven and hell;  
 Or could my faith the world remove,  
 Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I distribute all my store  
 To feed the bowels of the poor;  
 Or give my body to the flame  
 To gain a martyr's glorious name;
4. If love to God and love to men  
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain:  
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal  
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Watts.

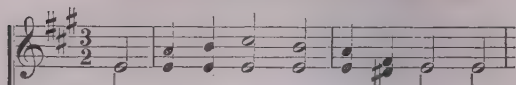
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**235. PRAISE TO THE LAMB. L. M.**

1. WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,  
 In earth and heaven the Lord of all;  
 Let all the powers of earth obey,  
 And low before his footstool fall.
2. Higher, still higher, swell the strain—  
 Creation's voice the note prolong;  
 Jesus the Lamb shall ever reign;  
 Let hallelujahs crown the song.


Shirley.

## 236. MELODY. C. M. (138)

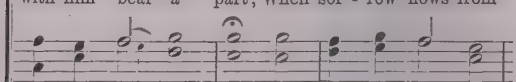


1. How sweet, how heaven-ly is the sight, When  
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And

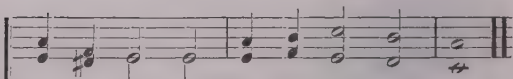
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our



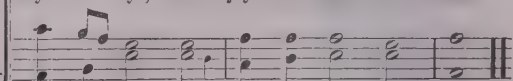
those who love the Lord, In one an - oth - er's  
with him bear a part; When sor - row flows from



wish-es all a - - bove, Each can his broth-er's



peace de - light, And thus ful - fil his word.  
eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.



fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love.



4. Let love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet and dear esteem  
In every action glow.
5. Love is the golden chain, that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds  
His bosom glow with love.

Swain.

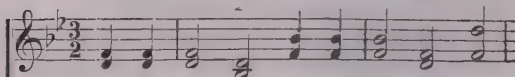


## 237. WHAT IS PRAYER? C. M. (139)

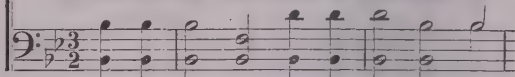
1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
3. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
5. O thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Montgomery.

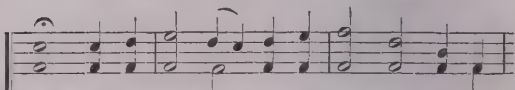
## 238. GOD IS NEAR THEE. DR. L. MASON.



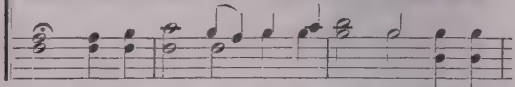
1. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad  
 2. Calm thy sad - ness, Look in glad - ness On



3. Mark the sea - bird, Wild - ly wheel - ing Thro' the  
 4. God is near thee, Therefore cheer thee, Sad



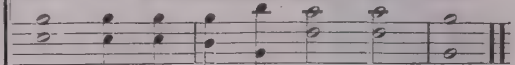
soul; He'll de - fend thee When a - round thee Bil - lows  
 high; Faint and wea - ry, Pil - grim, cheer thee, Help is



skies; God de - fends him, God at - tends him When he  
 soul; He'll de - fend thee When a - round thee Bil - lows



roll, When a - round thee Bil - - lows roll.  
 nigh, Pil - grim, cheer thee, Help is nigh.



cries, God at - tends him When he cries.  
 roll, When a - round thee Bil - - lows roll.

## 239. GLORY OF THE CROSS. C. M.

Tune, MELODY, No. 286.

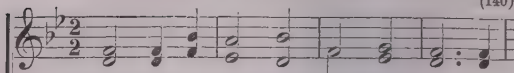
1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus my God, I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my hope to shame,  
Nor let my soul be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
Till the decisive hour.
4. Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

Watts.

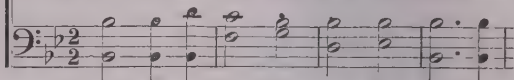
## 240. RELIANCE ON GOD. C. M.

1. THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Oh make but trial of his love—  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
3. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

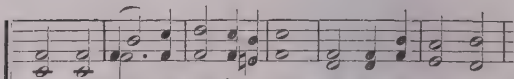
Tate.

241. WARD. L. M. BOST. ACAD. COLL.  
(140)

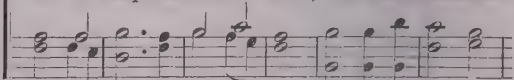
1. God is the ref - uge of his saints When  
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down



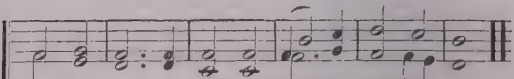
3. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup -  
4. That sa - cred stream, thy ho - - ly word, Our



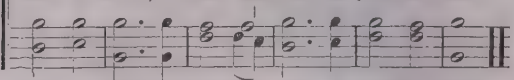
storms of sharp distress in - vade: Ere we can of - fer  
to the deep and bur - ied there; Convulsions shake the



plies the cit - y of our God: Life, love, and joy still  
grief al - lays, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace thy promis -



our complaints, Behold him pres - ent with his aid.  
sol - id world; Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.



glid - ing thro', And watering our di - vine a - bode.  
es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

5. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threat'ning hour;  
 Nor can her firm foundations move,  
 Built on his truth and armed with power.

Watts.

—◆—  
**242. HOLINESS AND GRACE. L. M. (141)**

1. SO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess,  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth, and love  
 Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

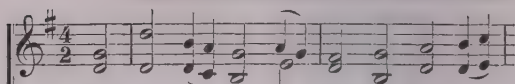
Watts.

—◆—  
**243. THE CROSS EXTOLLED. L. M.**

1. OH the sweet wonders of that cross,  
 Where God the Saviour loved and died;  
 Her noblest life my spirit draws  
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
2. I would for ever speak his name,  
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
 And worship at his Father's throne.

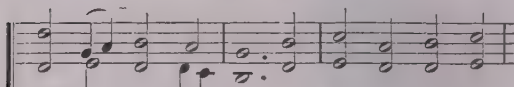
Watts.

## 244. STEPHENS. C. M. (142) W. JONES.



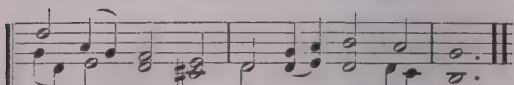
1. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray To  
2. We in these sa - cred words can find A

3. Oh may that will which gave us breath And



God the ho - ly One; With fil - ial love and  
cure for eve - ry ill; They calm and soothe the

an im - mor - tal soul, In joy or grief, in



trust to say, "O God, thy will be done."  
trou - bled mind, And bid all care be still.

life or death, Our eve - ry wish con - trol.

SOCIAL CHORUS.

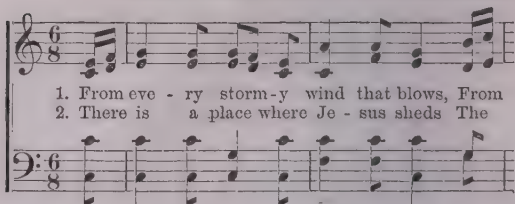
## 245. TRUST IN SORROW. C. M. (143)

1. O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,  
    Though now it seem severe,  
    Forbid my unbelief to say,  
    There is no mercy here!
  2. Oh grant me to desire the pain  
    That comes in kindness down,  
    More than the world's supremest gain,  
    Succeeded by thy frown.
  3. Then though thou lay my spirit low,  
    Love only will I see;  
    The very hand that strikes the blow  
    Was wounded once for me. Edmeston.
- 

## 246. GOD OUR PORTION. C. M. (144)

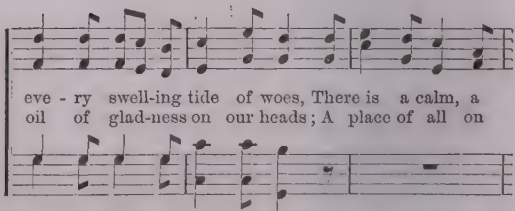
1. GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,  
    My Help for ever near,  
    Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
    When sinking in despair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord; shall guide my feet  
    Through this dark wilderness;  
    Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
    To dwell before thy face.
3. Were I in heaven without my God,  
    'T would be no joy to me;  
    And while this earth is my abode,  
    I long for none but thee.
4. What if the springs of life were broke,  
    And flesh and heart should faint?  
    God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
    The strength of every saint. Watts.

## 247. RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



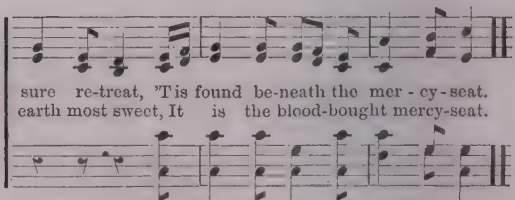
1. From eve - ry storm-y wind that blows, From  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where  
 4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And



eve - ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
 oil of glad-ness on our heads; A place of all on

friend holds fel-low-ship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by  
 sense and sin mo-lest no more, And heav'n comes down our



sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.  
 earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy-seat.  
 souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat.



5. Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
 This throbbing heart forget to beat,  
 If I forget the mercy-seat.

Stowell.



**248. ABIDE WITH ME. L. M.**

1. SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if thou be near:  
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
2. When soft the dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
3. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without thee I dare not die.
4. Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere through the world my way I take;  
 Abide with me till in thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

Keble.



**249. FORGIVENESS SOUGHT. L. M.**

1. FORGIVE us, Lord! to thee we cry;  
 Forgive us through thy matchless grace;  
 On thee alone our souls rely;  
 Be thou our strength and righteousness.
2. Forgive us, O thou bleeding Lamb!  
 Thou risen, thou exalted Lord!  
 Thou great High-priest, our souls redeem,  
 And speak the pardon-sealing word.

Hastings.

## 250. LISBON. S. M. (145)

READ.

1. Now let our voi - - ces join To  
 2. There flowers of par - - a - - dise In  
 3. There Sa - lem's gold - - en spires In

form a sa - cred song; Ye pil-grims in Je -  
 rich pro - fu - sion spring; The Sun of glo - - ry  
 beauteous pros-pect rise; And bright-er crowns than

ho - vah's ways, With mu - sic pass a - - long.  
 gilds the path, And dear com-pan - ions sing.  
 mor - tals wear, Which spar - kle through the skies.

4. All honor to His name  
Who marks the shining way;  
To Him who leads the wanderers on  
To realms of endless day. Doddridge.
- 

**251. SALVATION BY GRACE. S. M. (146)**

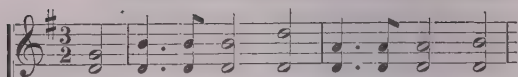
1. GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise. Doddridge.
- 

**252. PARTING. S. M. (147)**

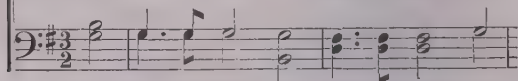
1. ONCE more, before we part,  
Oh bless the Saviour's name;  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Adore and praise the same.
2. Still on thy holy word  
We'll live and feed and grow;  
And still go on to know the Lord,  
And practise what we know. Hawker's Col.

## 253. WOODSTOCK. C. M.

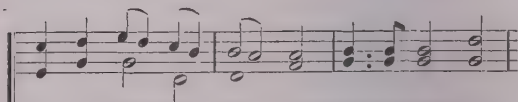
DUTTON.



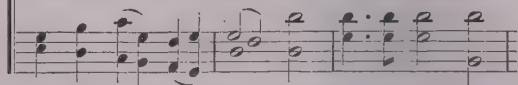
1. I love to steal a - while a - way From  
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The



3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And



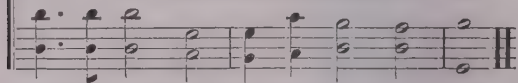
eve - ry cum-bering care, And spend the hours of  
 pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all His prom - is -



fu - ture good im - plore, And all my cares and



set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.  
 es to plead, Where none but God can hear.



sor - rows cast On him whom I a - - dore.

4. I love, by faith, to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

Brown.

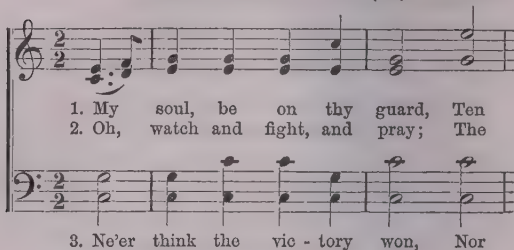


## 254. REJOICING IN GOD. C. M.

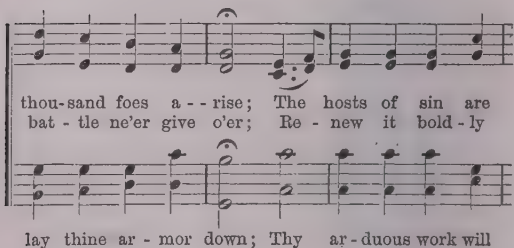
1. O LORD, I would delight in thee,  
And on thy care depend;  
To thee in every trouble flee,  
My best, my only Friend.
2. No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in thee:  
I must have all things, and abound,  
While God is God to me.
3. Oh that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil,  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose word can never fail.
4. He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide:  
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside?
5. O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
I triumph and adore:  
Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please thee more.

Ryland.

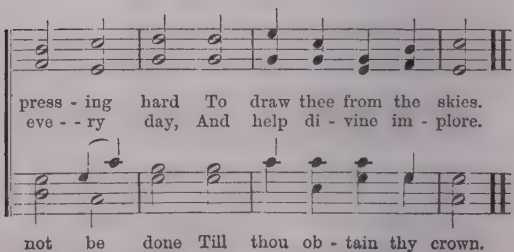
## 255. LABAN. S. M. (148) L. MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten  
2. Oh, watch and fight, and pray; The  
3. Ne'er think the vic-tory won, Nor



thou-sand foes a - - rise; The hosts of sin are  
bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly  
lay thine ar-mor down; Thy ar-duous work will



press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
eve-ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.  
not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 Up to his blest abode. Heath.



**256. MOSES AND THE LAMB. S. M. (149)**

1. AWAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb;  
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power,  
 Sing how he intercedes above  
 For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing till we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue;  
 Sing till the love of sin depart,  
 And grace inspire our song.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
 Sing on, rejoicing every day  
 In Christ th' eternal King.
5. Soon shall we hear him say,  
 "Ye blessed children, come;"  
 Soon will he call us hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.
6. Soon shall our raptured tongue  
 His endless praise proclaim,  
 And sweeter voices tune the song  
 "Of Moses and the Lamb." Hammond.

## 257. BRIGHT CROWN. C. M. BRADBURY.

1. } Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the  
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his

## CHORUS.

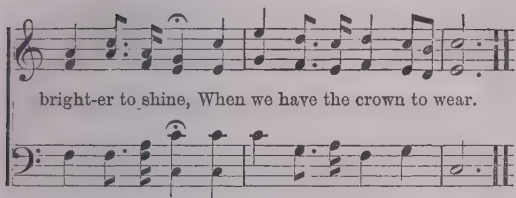
Lamb, } Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the  
name?

frowns of the world, For we all have a cross to

bear; It will on - ly make the crown the



## BRIGHT CROWN. CONCLUDED.



2. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord:  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
4. The saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They view the triumph from afar  
With faith's discerning eye.

Watts.

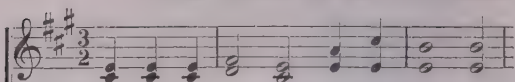
## 258. BEARING THE CROSS. C. M.

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
2. The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

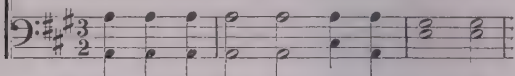
G. N. Allen.

## 259. WARE. L. M.

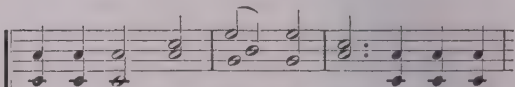
G. KINGSLEY.



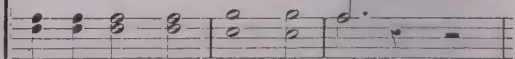
1. A - wake, our souls! a - - way, our fears! Let  
 2. True, 'tis a strait and thorn-y road, And



3. The migh - ty God, whose matchless power Is  
 4. From thee, the o - - ver - flow - ing spring, Our



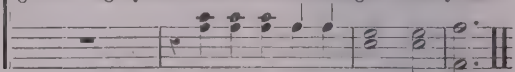
eve - ry trem - bling thought be gone; A - wake, and  
 mor - tal spir - - its tire and faint; But they for -



ev - er new and ev - - er young; And firm en -  
 souls shall drink a full sup - ply; While such as



run the heavenly race, And put a cheerful cour-age on.  
 get the mighty God Who feeds the strength of every saint.



dures, while endless years Their everlasting circles run.  
 trust their native strength, Shall melt away and droop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
     We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
     Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.      Watts.



**260. THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. L. M.**

1. STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
     And gird the gospel armor on;  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
     Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course;  
     But hell and sin are vanquished foes:  
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
     And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,  
     Press forward to the heavenly gate;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
     And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,  
     And triumph in almighty grace;  
 While all the armies of the skies  
     Join in my glorious Leader's praise.      Watts.



**261. ARISE AND SHINE. L. M.**

1. ZION, awake, thy strength renew,  
     Put on thy robes of beauteous hue.  
 Church of our God, arise and shine,  
     Bright with the beams of truth divine.
2. Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
     Wide as the heathen nations are;  
 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,  
     All shall admire and love thee too.

## 262. SILVER-STREET. S. M. (150) SMITH.

1. Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be  
2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms He gent - ly

3. He eve - ry - where hath sway, And all things

un - - dis - - mayed; God hears thy sighs and  
clears thy way; Wait thou his time— so

serve his might; His eve - - ry act pure

counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.  
shall thy night Soon end in joy - ous day.

bles - ing is, His path un - sul - lied light.

4. Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.
5. Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command;  
With wonder filled, then shalt thou own  
How wise, how strong his hand.
6. Thou comprehend'st him not:  
Yet earth and heaven tell—  
God sits as sovereign on the throne,  
And doeth all things well. Moravian.

---

263. HOLY LOVE. S. M. (151)

1. LOVE is the strongest tie  
That can our souls unite;  
Love makes our service liberty,  
Our every burden light.
2. We run in God's commands  
When love directs the way;  
With willing hearts and active hands  
Our Master's will obey.
3. Love softens all our toil,  
And makes our bondage blest;  
The gloomy desert wears a smile,  
When love inspires the breast.
4. When we ascend the skies  
And see the Saviour's face,  
Love will to full perfection rise,  
And reign through all the place.

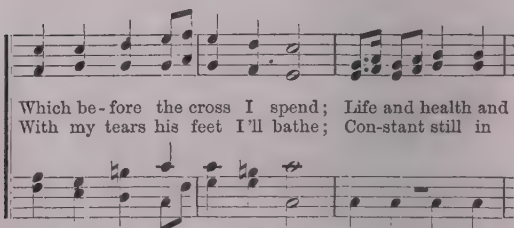
Hymns of Zion.

## 264. SICILIAN HYMN. 8s &amp; 7s. (152)



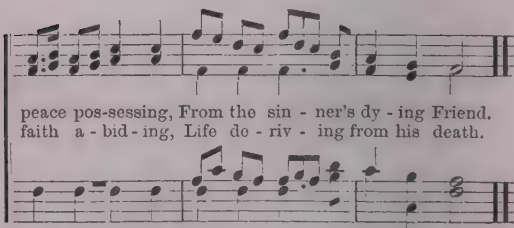
1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing,  
2. Love and grief my heart di - - vid - ing,

3. Tru - ly bless - ed is the sta - tion,



Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and health and  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe; Con-stant still in

Low be - fore his cross to lie; While I see di -



peace pos-sessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend,  
faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.

vine compas-sion Beam-ing in his gra-cious eye.

4. Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
 Mercy streaming in his blood—  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Robinson.

—♦—  
**265. DISMISSION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.**

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace:  
 Oh refresh us,  
 Travelling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.
3. Then, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven—  
 Glad the summons to obey—  
 May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Burder.

- ♦—  
**266. 1. CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish**  
 O'er the grave of those you love;  
 Pain and death and night and anguish  
 Enter not the world above.

2. While our silent steps are straying  
 Lonely through night's deepening shade,  
 Glory's brightest beams are playing  
 Round th' immortal spirit's head.

Collyer.

## 267. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We

3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our

hearts in Chris - tian love; The fel - low - ship of  
pour our ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our

mu - tual bur - dens bear; And oft - en for each

kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

oth - er flows The sym - pa - - thiz - - ing tear.



4. When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
5. This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

Fawcett.



## 268. SALVATION BY GRACE. S. M.

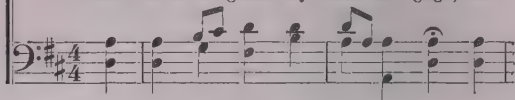
1. HOW charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer God  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad.
2. Not the fair palaces  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
3. Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit  
And smile on all around.
4. Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

Stennett.

## 269. ST. ANN'S. C. M. (155) DR. CROFT.



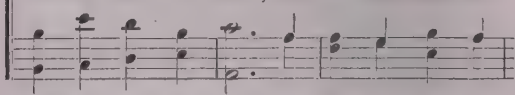
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To  
 2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And



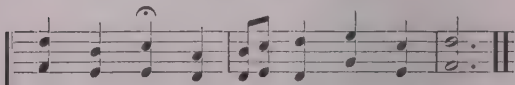
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And



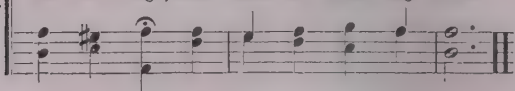
man - sions in the skies, I bid fare - well to  
 hell - ish darts be hurled; Then I can smile at



storms of sor - row fall; May I but safe - ly



eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
 Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.



reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all;

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.



## 270. JOY IN GOD. C. M. (156)

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!
2. In darkest shades, if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun;  
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
 And he my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
 And whispers I am his.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word,  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love and arms of faith  
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

Watts.

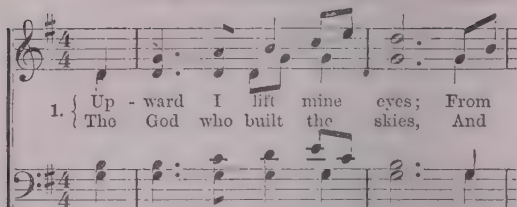


271. HOSANNA to our conquering King!  
 All hail, incarnate Love!  
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
 To crown thy head above.

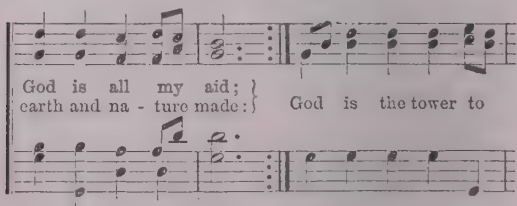
Watts.

## 272. LISCHER. H. M.

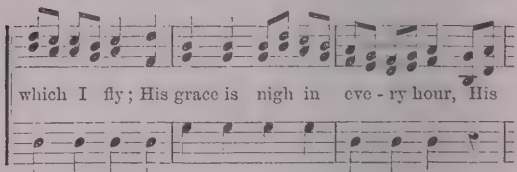
GERMAN.



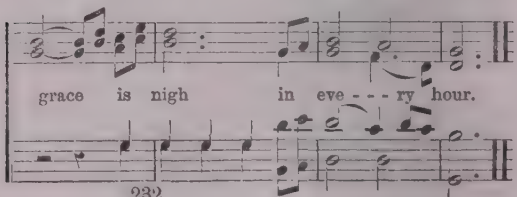
1. { Up - ward I lift mine eyes; From  
The God who built the skies, And



God is all my aid; }  
earth and na - ture made: } God is the tower to



which I fly; His grace is nigh in eve - ry hour, His



grace is nigh in eve - - - ry hour.

2. My feet shall never slide  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my Guard and Guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
  3. No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there:  
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,  
To guard my head by night or noon.
  4. Hast thou not pledged thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
Till from on high thou call me home. Watts.
- 

273. OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN. H. M.

1. O THOU that hearest prayer  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high:  
We plead the promise of thy word;  
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.
2. If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry;  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their varied wants supply;  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.

3. Our heavenly Father, thou;  
     We, children of thy grace:  
     Oh let thy Spirit now  
     Descend and fill the place:  
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise thy name. Pratt's Coll.



274. OUR KING IS OUR FATHER. H. M.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns;  
     His throne is built on high;  
     The garments he assumes  
     Are light and majesty:  
 His glories shine with beams so bright,  
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.
2. The thunders of his hand  
     Keep the wide world in awe;  
     His wrath and justice stand  
     To guard his holy law:  
 And where his love resolves to bless,  
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.
3. Through all his ancient works  
     Surprising wisdom shines,  
     Confounds the powers of hell,  
     And breaks their cursed designs:  
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
 His great decrees, his sov'reign will.
4. And can this mighty King  
     Of glory condescend?  
     And will he write his name  
     My "Father" and my "Friend?"  
 I love his name, I love his word:  
 Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

## 275. THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST. H. M.

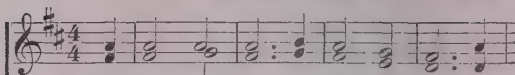
1. REJOICE, the Lord is King!  
Your God and King adore;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
2. His kingdom cannot fail:  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
3. He all his foes shall quell—  
Shall all our sins destroy,  
And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy:  
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;  
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
4. Rejoice in glorious hope;  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home:  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Rippon.

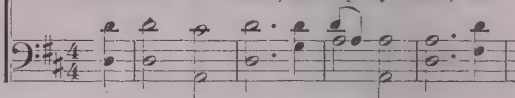
- 
276. TO God the Father's throne  
Your highest honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise;  
With all our powers, eternal King,  
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

## 277. BRADFORD. L. M.

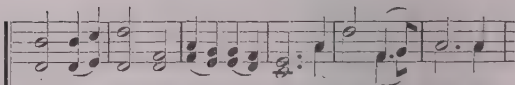
H. K.



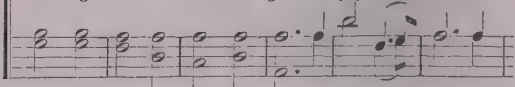
1. What sin - ners val - ue, I re - sign; Lord,  
 2. This life's a dream, an emp - ty show; But



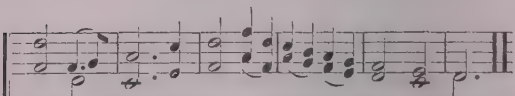
3. Oh glo - rious hour, Oh blest a - bode! I



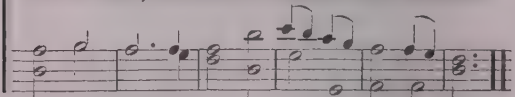
't is enough that thou art mine: I shall be - hold thy  
 the bright world to which I go Hath joys sub - stan - tial



shall be near and like my God! And flesh and sin no



bliss - ful face, And stand complete in right - eousness.  
 and sin - cere; When shall I wake and find me there?



more con - trol The sa - cred pleasures of the soul.



4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
 And in my Saviour's image rise. Watts.



## 278. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. L. M.

1. OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
 The powers of hell are captive led,  
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
3. Loose all your bars of massy light,  
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
 He claims these mansions as his right:  
 Receive the King of glory in.
4. "Who is the King of glory, who?"  
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame—  
 That sin and death and hell o'erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
5. Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chant the solemn lay:  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
6. "Who is the King of glory, who?"  
 The Lord of boundless power possessed;  
 The King of saints and angels too;  
 God over all, for ever blessed. C. Wesley.

## 279. TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.



1. { Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim  
       I am weak, but thou art migh - ty, Hold me  
 2. { O - pen, Lord, the crys-tal fountain, Whence the  
       Let the fi - ery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me



thro' this bar - ren land; {  
 with thy power-ful hand; } Bread of heav-en, Bread of  
 healing streams do flow; {  
 all my jour - ney thro'; } Strong De-liv-erer, Strong De -



heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 liv - erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.



3. When I tread the verge of Jordan.  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee. Robinson.



**280. THE GOD OF ZION.** 8s, 7s, & 4s.

1. ZION stands, by hills surrounded—  
 Zion, kept by power divine:  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine.  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine!
2. Every human tie may perish,  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
3. In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright;  
 But can never cease to love thee,  
 Thou art precious in his sight:  
 God is with thee—  
 God thy everlasting light. Kelly.



- 281. SAVIOUR,** like a shepherd lead us;  
 Much we need thy tender care:  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy folds prepare.  
 Blesséd Jesus!  
 Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

## 282. SHELDON. 7s, 6 lines.

H. K.

1. Blessed are the sons of God; They are bo't with

Je - sus' blood, They are ran-somed from the grave;

Life e - ter - nal they shall have: With them numbered

may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.

2. They are justified by grace,  
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;  
All their sins are washed away;  
They shall stand in God's great day:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.
3. They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of a heavenly birth;  
One with God, with Jesus one;  
Glory is in them begun:  
With them numbered may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

Humphries.



## 283. HOW MUCH I OWE. 7s, 6 lines.

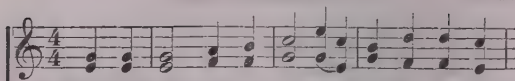
See also No. 285.

1. WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When we stand with Christ in light,  
Looking o'er these scenes of night,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
2. When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall,  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge-brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
3. When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see thee as thou art,  
Love thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

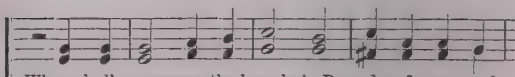
McCheyne.

## 284. MEMORY.

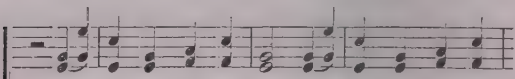
H. K.



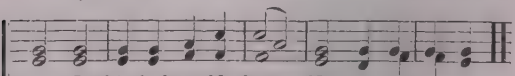
1. When shall we meet again—Meet, ne'er to sev-er?  
2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv-er?



When shall peace wreathe her chain Round us for ev-er?  
When shall sweet friendship glow Changeless for ev-er?



Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each blast that  
Where joys ce - lestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall



blows, In this dark world of woes—Nev-er—no, nev-er.  
fill, And fears of part-ing chill—Nev-er—no, nev-er.

3. Up to that world of light,  
 Take us, dear Saviour;  
 May we all there unite,  
 Happy for ever:  
 Where kindred spirits dwell,  
 There may our music swell,  
 And time our joys dispel—  
 Never—no, never.
4. Soon shall we meet again—  
 Meet, ne'er to sever;  
 Soon will peace wreath her chain  
 Round us for ever:  
 Our hearts will then repose,  
 Secure from worldly woes;  
 Our songs of praise shall close—  
 Never—no, never.



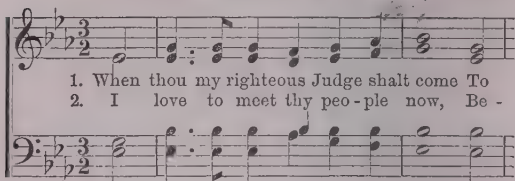
### 285. HOW MUCH I OWE. 7s, 6 lines.

Tune, SHELDON, No. 282. See also No. 283.

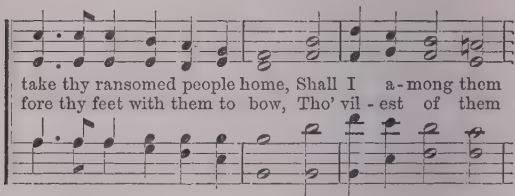
1. CHOSEN, not for good in me,  
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
 By the Spirit sanctified,  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
 By my love, how much I owe.
2. When the praise of heaven I hear,  
 Loud as thunder to the ear,  
 Loud as many waters' noise,  
 Sweet as harps' melodious voice,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.    McCheyne.

## 286. MERIBAH. C. P. M.

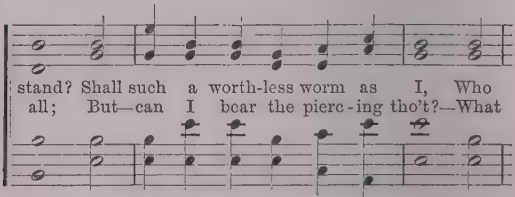
L. MASON.



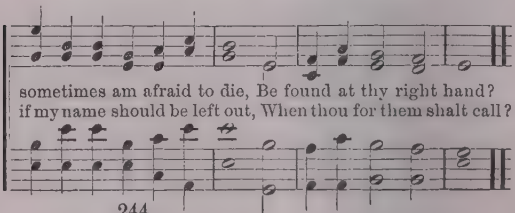
1. When thou my righteous Judge shalt come To  
2. I love to meet thy peo-ple now, Be -



take thy ransomed people home, Shall I a-mong them  
fore thy feet with them to bow, Tho' vil - est of them



stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I, Who  
all; But—can I bear the pierc-ing tho't?—What



sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?  
if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?



3. O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;  
 Be thou my only hiding-place,  
 In this th' accepted day:  
 Thy pardoning voice Oh let me hear,  
 To still my unbelieving fear,  
 Nor let me fall, I pray. Ovington's Coll.
- 

**287. EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST. C. P. M. (158)**

1. OH could I speak the matchless worth,  
 Oh could I sound the glories forth  
 Which in my Saviour shine;  
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings,  
 In notes almost divine.
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin and wrath divine:  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
 My soul shall ever shine.
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne;  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would, to everlasting days,  
 Make all his glories known.
4. Soon the delightful morn will come  
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
 And I shall see his face:  
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Triumphant in his grace. Medley.

## 288. LYONS. 10s &amp; 11s.

HAYDN.

1. O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare your glad

voice, His praise in the great as - sem - bly to

sing: In their great Cre - a - tor let all men re -

joice, And heirs of sal - va - tion be glad in their King.

2. Let them his great name devoutly adore;  
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,  
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,  
Their wants to relieve and his children to bless.
3. With glory adorned, his people shall sing  
To God, who defence and plenty supplies:  
Their loud acclamations to him their great King,  
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the  
skies.
4. Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,  
In loftiest notes now publish his praise:  
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue—  
Would join in your numbers, and chant to your  
days.

Tate.

---

289. A SONG OF PRAISE. 10s & 11s.

1. YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad his wonderful name;  
The name all victorious of Jesus extol:  
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still he is nigh, his presence we have.  
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
3. Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
4. Then let us adore, and give him his right,  
All glory and power and wisdom and might;  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

## 290. TRUST AND FEAR NOT. 10s &amp; 11s.

1. BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
2. Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.
3. His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Eben-ezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
4. How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?
5. Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,  
And then Oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!

Newton.

## 291. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10s &amp; 11s.

1. THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends shall all fail, and foes all unite;  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us "The Lord will provide."
2. The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 't is written, "The Lord will provide."

3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed  
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:  
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,  
The promise engages, "The Lord will provide."
4. No strength of our own or goodness we claim,  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:  
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."
5. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us through:  
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide.

Newton.



### 292. SAILOR'S HYMN. 8s & 7s.

[TUNE, FRIEND EVER NEAR, No. 293.]

1. TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe.—CHORUS.
2. Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.
3. Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still;  
Hush the tempest's wild commotion  
At the bidding of thy will.
4. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
While to thee I lift mine eye,  
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,  
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

## 293. FRIEND EVER NEAR. 8s &amp; 7s.

BRADBURY.

1. One there is a - - bove all oth - ers  
2. Which of all our friends, to save us,

3. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed,  
4. Oh for grace our hearts to soft - en!

Well de-serves the name of Friend; His is love be -  
Could or would have shed his blood? But our Je - sus

"Friend of sinners" was his name; Now, a - bove all  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love. We, a - las, for -

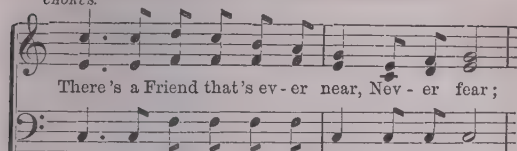
yond a broth-er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.  
died to have us Rec - on-ciled in him to God.

glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same.  
get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

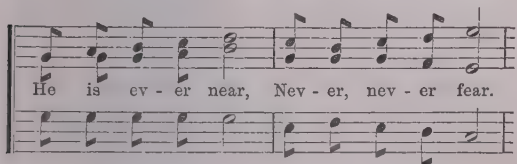
NEWTON.

**FRIEND EVER NEAR. CONCLUDED.**

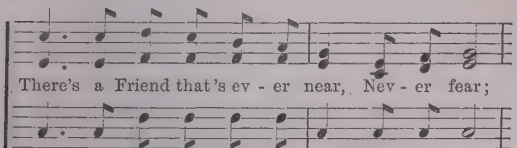
CHORUS.



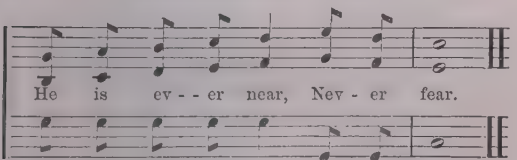
There's a Friend that's ev - er near, Nev - er fear;



He is ev - er near, Nev - er, nev - er fear.



There's a Friend that's ev - er near, Nev - er fear;



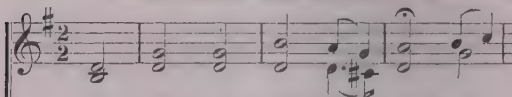
He is ev - - er near, Nev - er fear.

**294. BE OF GOOD CHEER. 8s & 7s.**

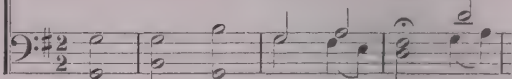
ZION, dreary and in anguish,  
 In the desert hast thou strayed?  
 Oh, thou weary, cease to languish,  
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.—CHORUS.

## 295. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

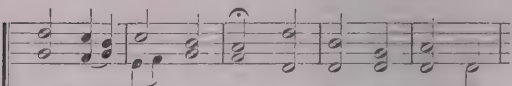
WILLIAMS.



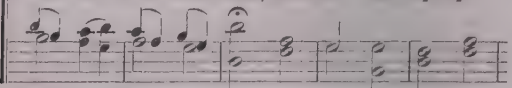
1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The  
 2. I love thy church, O God; Her



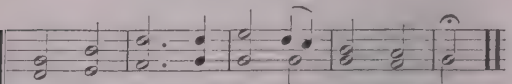
3. If e'er to bless her sons My



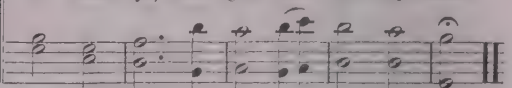
house of thine a - bode, The church our blest Re -  
 walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple



voice or hands do - ny, These hands let use - ful



deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.  
 of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.



skill for - sake, This voice in si - lence die.



4. If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her woe,  
Let every joy this heart forsake,  
And every grief o'erflow.
5. For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
6. Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
7. Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.
8. Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven. Dwight.



## 296. "PSALM 117." S. M. (160)

1. THY name, almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;  
Thy truth for ever stands.
2. Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy grace endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more. Watts.

## 297. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S. M.

1. SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And gird your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
3. From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle and fight and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day. C. Wesley.



## 298. WAITING ON GOD. S. M.

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud to the praise of love divine  
Bid every string awake.
2. Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
3. His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine:  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
4. Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee,  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see. Toplady.

## 299. ETERNITY IN VIEW. C. P. M.

TUNE, MERIBAH, No. 236.

1. LO, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;  
Yet how insensible!  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell!
2. O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtless heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me ere it be too late:  
Wake me to righteousness.
3. Before me place, in bright array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come  
To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a joyful doom?
4. Be this my one great business here:  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

Wesley.

## 300. PARK-STREET. L. M. (161) VENUE.

1. Arm of the Lord, a - - wake, a - wake!  
2. Say to the hea - then, from thy throne,

Put on thy strength, the na-tions shake; And let the  
"I am Je - ho - vah—God a-lone;" Thy voice their

world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mer - cy wrought by  
i - dols shall confound, And cast their al-tars to the

thee, Tri-umphs of mer - cy wrought by thee.  
ground, And cast their al - tars to the ground.

3. No more let human blood be spilt—  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
4. Let Zion's time of favor come;  
Oh bring the tribes of Israel home,  
And let our wondering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.
5. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim  
In every land of every name;  
Let adverse powers before thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour LORD OF ALL.

Burder's Col.

**301. PRAYER FOR THE WORLD. L. M. (162)**

1. LOOK down, O God, with pitying eye,  
And view the desolations round;  
See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
What scenes of woe and crime abound!
2. Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar;  
Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

Doddridge.

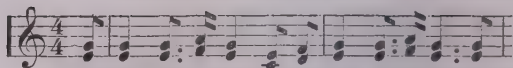
**302. SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. L. M. (163)**

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;  
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:  
Bid the bright morning star arise,  
And point the nations to the skies.
2. Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;  
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
And bid all nations hail the light.

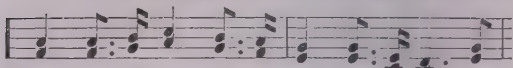
Pratt's Col.

## 303. MARCHING ALONG.

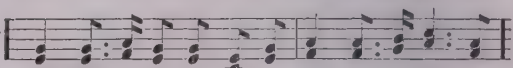
BRADBURY.



1. The soldiers are gath'ring from near and from far, The



trum - pet is sound-ing the call for the war, The



con - flict is rag-ing, 't will be fear - ful and long; We'll

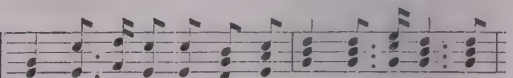
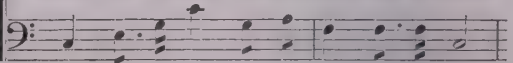


gird on our ar - mor, and be march-ing a - long.

## CHORUS.



March-ing a - long, we are march-ing a - long,

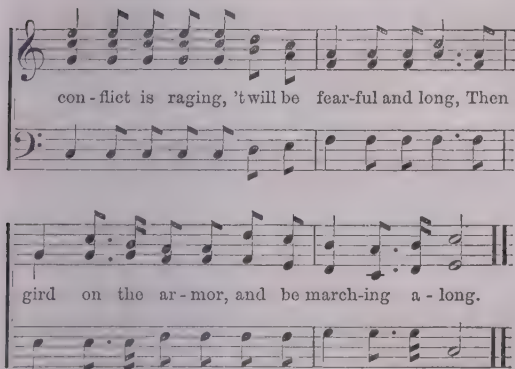


Gird on the ar - mor, and be march-ing a - long; The



## SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

### MARCHING ALONG. CONCLUDED.



2. The foe is before us in battle array,  
But let us not waver, nor turn from the way;  
"The Lord is our strength," be this ever our song,  
With courage and faith as we're marching along.  
CHORUS.—Marching along, etc.

3. We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field;  
With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield:  
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,  
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.  
CHORUS.—Marching along, etc.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must  
win,  
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;  
But one thing assures us: we cannot go wrong,  
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.  
CHORUS.—Marching along, etc.

304. AZMON. C. M. Arr. by L. MASON.  
(164)

1. O Lord, our lan - guid souls in - spire, For  
2. Show us some to - ken of thy love, Our

3. The feel - ing heart, the melt - ing eye, The

here we trust thou art; Send down a coal of  
faint - ing hope to raise; And pour thy bless - ing

hum - ble mind be - stow; And shine up - on us

heavenly fire, To warm each wait - ing heart.  
from a - bove, That we may ren - - der praise.

from on high, To make our gra - ces grow.



4. May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.
5. And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round  
To come and fill the place.

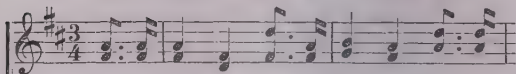
Newton.

**305. ZION'S KING IS FAITHFUL. C. M. (165)**

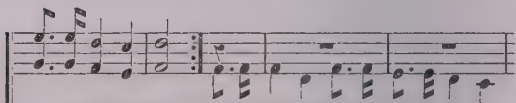
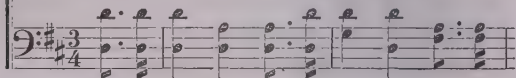
1. LET Zion and her sons rejoice—  
Behold the promised hour!  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes to exalt his power.
2. Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes:  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,  
And stand in glory there:  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.
4. He frees the souls condemned to death;  
Nor, when his saints complain,  
Shall it be said that praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain.
5. This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record,  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust and praise the Lord.

Watts.

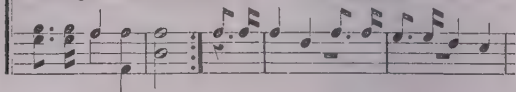
## 306. ZION. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s. (166) HASTINGS.



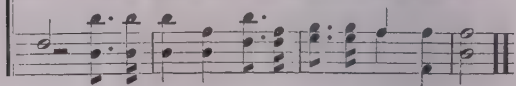
1. { O'er the gloom-y hills of darkness, Cheered by  
Sun of right-eous-ness a-ris-ing, Bring the  
2. { Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness, Grant them,  
And from east-ern coast to west-ern May the



no ce-les-tial ray, } Send the gospel  
bright, the glorious day; } To the earth's remotest  
Lord, the glorious light; } And redemption  
morning chase the night. } Freely purchased win the



bound, Send the gos-pel To the earth's remot-est bound.  
day, And re-demp-tion Freely purchased win the day.



3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;  
 Win and conquer—never cease!  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply, and still increase:  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around!

Williams.



## 307. THE GOSPEL VICTORIOUS. 8s, 7s, &amp; 4s.

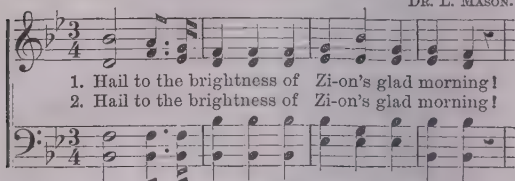
(167)

1. ON the mountain's top appearing,  
 Lo, the sacred herald stands!  
 Joyful news to Zion bearing,  
 Zion long in hostile lands.  
 Mourning captive,  
 God himself will loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning;  
 Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will soon restore thee;  
 He himself appears thy friend:  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee,  
 All thy warfare now be past;  
 God thy Saviour will defend thee,  
 Victory is thine at last;  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

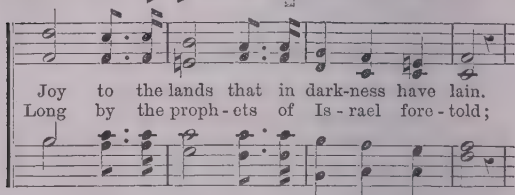
Kelly.

## 308. "HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS." 11s &amp; 10s.

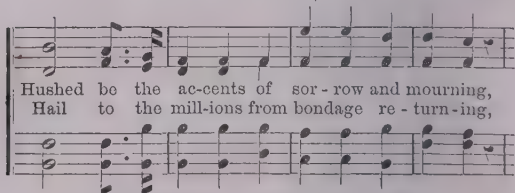
DR. L. MASON.



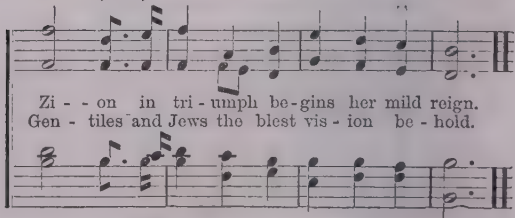
1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning!  
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning!



Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain.  
Long by the proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told;



Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning,  
Hail to the mill-ions from bondage re-turn-ing,



Zi - - on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.  
Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis-ion be-hold.

3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along;  
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,  
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,  
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,  
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Hastings.

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**309. BIRTH OF CHRIST. 11s & 10s.**

1. **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. **Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. Heber.

## 310. NORTHFIELD. C. M. (168)

1. Be - hold, the moun-tain of the Lord In

lat - - ter days shall rise A - bove the moun-tains

bove the mountains and the hills, And draw the wondering  
and the hills, A - bove the mountains and the  
A - bove the mountains

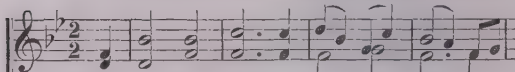
eyes;  
hills, And draw the won - d'ring eyes.  
and the hills,

2. To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
“Up to the hill of God,” they say,  
“And to his courts we’ll go.”
3. The beams that shine on Zion’s hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King who reigns in Zion’s towers  
Shall all the world command. Logan.

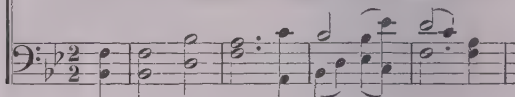
**311. KINGDOM OF CHRIST. C. M. (169)**

1. LO! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes:  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old, rolling skies.
2. From the third heaven, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.
3. Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
“Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.
4. “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye;  
And pains and groans and griefs and fears  
And death itself shall die.”
5. How long, dear Saviour, Oh how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day. Watts.

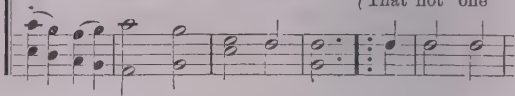
## 312. CREATION. L. M. (170) HAYDN.



1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro'  
 2. Oh let that glo - rious an - them swell; Let



all the mill - ions of the skies; { That song of  
 host to host the tri - umph tell— { That song of  
 { That not one  
 { That not one

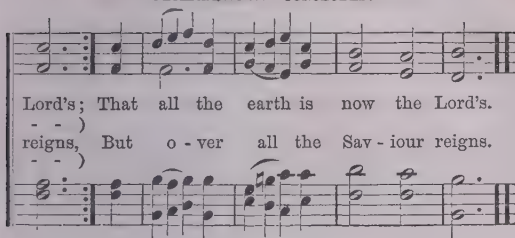


triumph which re-cords That all the earth is now the  
 triumph which re-cords (*omit* - - - -  
 reb - el heart remains, But o - ver all the Sav - iour  
 reb - el heart remains, (*omit* - - - -





## CREATION. CONCLUDED.

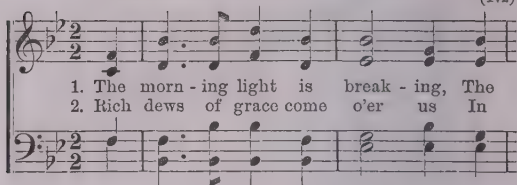


## 313. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M. (171)

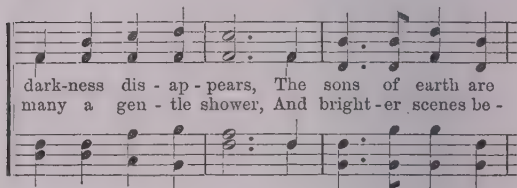
1. JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Doth his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And praises throng to crown his head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.
3. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
4. Where he displays his healing power,  
 Death and the curse are known no more;  
 In him the tribes of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.
5. Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Watts.

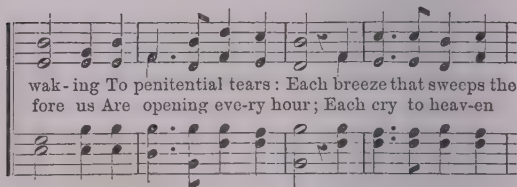
## 314. MORNING LIGHT. 7s &amp; 6s.

WEBB.  
(172)


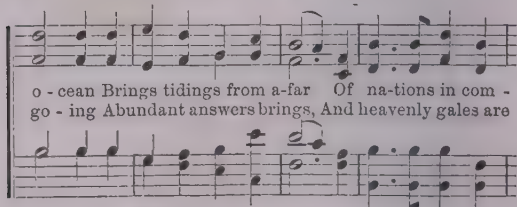
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The  
2. Rich dew's of grace come o'er us In



dark-ness dis - ap - pears, The sons of earth are  
many a gen - tle shower, And bright - er scenes be -

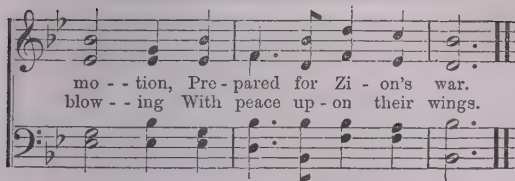


wak - ing To penitential tears : Each breeze that sweeps the  
fore us Are opening eve - ry hour ; Each cry to heav - en



o - cean Brings tidings from a - far Of na - tions in com -  
go - ing Abundant answers brings, And heavenly gales are

## MORNING LIGHT. CONCLUDED.



3. See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
 A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way,  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay;  
 Stay not, till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim, "The Lord has come."

S. F. Smith.

315. NOW be the gospel banner  
 In every land unfurled;  
 And be the shout, HOSANNA,  
 Reëchoed through the world:  
 Till every isle and nation,  
 Till every tribe and tongue,  
 Receive the great salvation,  
 And join the happy throng.

Hastings.

## 316. COME, SING OF JESUS. 7s &amp; 6s.

1. COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and accents blend;  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only Friend;  
His holy soul rejoices,  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our tuneful voices  
Exulting in his love.
2. We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The tempted and the strong:  
None who besought his healing,  
He passed unheeded by;  
And still retains his feeling  
For us above the sky.
3. We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave;  
And in our hour of danger,  
We'll trust his love alone,  
Who once slept in a manger,  
And now sits on a throne.
4. Then let us sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day:  
For those who here confess him  
He will in heaven confess;  
And faithful hearts that bless him  
He will for ever bless.

Dr. Bethune.

**317. "STAND UP FOR JESUS." 7s & 6s.**

1. STAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
     Ye soldiers of the cross;  
 Lift high his royal banner,  
     It must not suffer loss:  
 From victory unto victory  
     His army shall he lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished  
     And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
     The trumpet call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
     In this his glorious day:  
 "Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
     Against unnumbered foes;  
 Your courage rise with danger,  
     And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
     Stand in his strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you—  
     Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
     And watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
     Be never wanting there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
     The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
     The next the victor's song:  
 To him that overcometh  
     A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
     Shall reign eternally.

Duffield.

## 318. WHITEHEAD. 7s &amp; 6s.

H. K.

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater' are written below the treble staff.

Son; Hail, in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be -

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Son; Hail, in the time ap-point-ed, His reign on earth be -' are written below the treble staff.

gun! He comes to break oppression, To set the cap-tive

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'gun! He comes to break oppression, To set the cap-tive' are written below the treble staff.

free; To take away transgression, And rule in equi - ty.

The fourth system of music concludes the hymn. The lyrics 'free; To take away transgression, And rule in equi - ty.' are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

2. He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
  3. For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever,  
That name to us is LOVE. Montgomery.
- 

**319. REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH. 7s & 6s.**

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing  
Flow joyfully along,  
When hill and valley, ringing  
With one triumphant song,  
Proclaim the contest ended,  
And Him who once was slain  
Again to earth descended,  
In righteousness to reign?
2. Then from the lofty mountains  
The sacred shout shall fly,  
And shady vales and fountains  
Shall echo the reply;  
High tower and lowly dwelling  
Shall send the chorus round,  
All "hallelujah" swelling  
In one eternal sound.

## 320. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s &amp; 6s. MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral

strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden

sand ; From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palmy

plain, They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain.

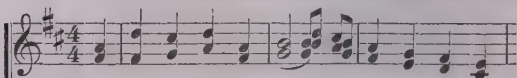


2. What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

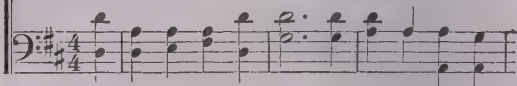
Heber.

- 
321. TO Thee be praise for ever,  
Thou glorious King of kings;  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings:  
We'll celebrate thy glory  
With all thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of thy redeeming love.

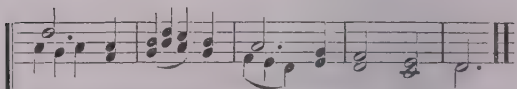
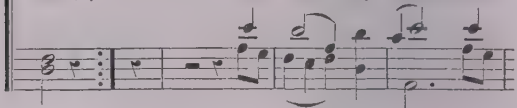
## 322. SUTHERLAND. H. M. BRADBURY.



1. { O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And lift thy hands on  
Tell all the earth thy joys, And shout salva - tion  
2. { He gilds thy mourning face With beams that cannot  
His all - resplend - ent grace He pours around thy



high; }  
nigh: } Cheer - ful in God a - - rise and  
fade; }  
head: } The na - - tions round thy form shall



shine, While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.  
view, With lus - tre new di - vine - ly crowned.



## 3. In honor to his name

Reflect that sacred light,  
And loud that grace proclaim  
Which makes the darkness bright:  
Pursue his praise till sovereign love,  
In worlds above, the glory raise.

## 4. There, on his holy hill,

A brighter sun shall rise,  
And with his radiance fill  
Those fairer, purer skies;  
While round his throne ten thousand stars,  
In nobler spheres, his influence own. Doddridge.

---

323. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. H. M.

## 1. SOVEREIGN of worlds above,

And Lord of all below,  
Thy faithfulness and love,  
Thy power and mercy show:  
Fulfil thy word; thy Spirit give;  
Let heathens live, and praise the Lord.

## 2. Father, who to thy Son

Thy steadfast word hast given,  
That through the earth shall run  
The news of peace with heaven;  
Extend his fame, thy grace diffuse,  
And let the news the world reclaim.

## 3. Few be the years that roll,

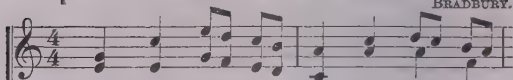
Ere all shall worship thee;  
The travail of his soul  
Soon let the Saviour see:  
O God of grace, thy power employ,  
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with praise.

Pratt's Col

## 324. BRIGHTER DAY.

8s &amp; 7s single, with Chorus; or double.

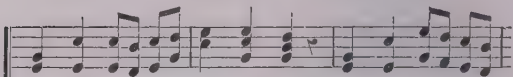
BRADBURY.



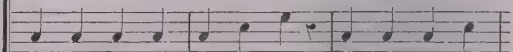
1. "Lift your heads" with faith; the mor - row
2. Art thou lone - ly, sad, and wea - ry,



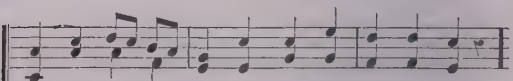
3. Does the night seem long and wea - ry,
4. What though wars and earth's com - mo - tions



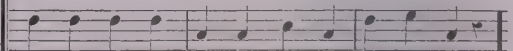
Dawneth bright-er than to-day; An - gel hands will  
Watching thro' the si - lent night? Dry thy tears, the



Dangers threat'ning all the way? Joy will soon re -  
Try your faith and cause dis-may; God your Fa - ther



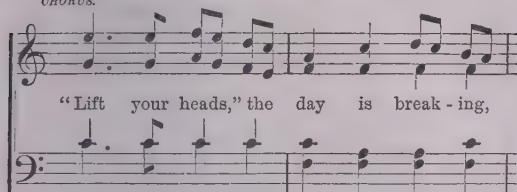
lift the shad-ows, Chase the gath'ring gloom a - way.  
o - rient glis-tens Like a thread of sil - ver light.



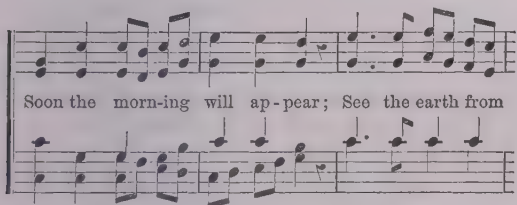
turn to bless thee, Soon will dawn a bright-er day.  
rules the na - tions; He will send a bright-er day.

## BRIGHTER DAY. CONCLUDED.

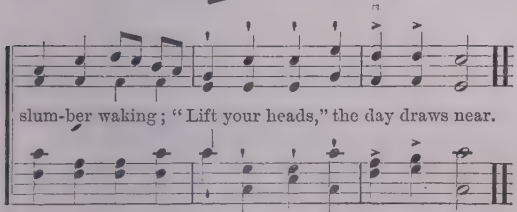
CHORUS.



"Lift your heads," the day is break - ing,



Soon the morn-ing will ap-pear; See the earth from



slum-ber waking; "Lift your heads," the day draws near.

## 325. ZION SAFE AND HAPPY. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God !  
 He whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear,  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which he gives them when they pray.

Newton.

### 326. THE DEPARTING SAINT. 8s & 7s.

Tune, BRIGHTER DAY, No. 324; or No. 182.

1. HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below;  
 Go, by angel guards attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus go!  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo, the Saviour stands above,  
 Shows the purchase of his merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

2. Struggle through thy latest passion  
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
 To his uttermost salvation,  
 To his everlasting rest.  
 For the joy he sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain;  
 Die, to live the life of glory  
 Suffer, with the Lord to reign. C. Wesley.



**327. LIGHT DIVINE.** 8s & 7s.

Tune, BRIGHTER DAY, No. 324; or No. 10, or 188.

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Rise on us, thyself revealing—  
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
2. Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise;  
 Scatter all the night of nature,  
 Pour the day upon our eyes.
3. Still we wait for thine appearing;  
 Life and joy thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every meek, benighted heart.
4. Save us, in thy great compassion,  
 O thou mild, pacific Prince;  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins.
5. By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Every burdened soul release;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

Toplady.

## 328. ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

MASON.

1. { Hast - en, Lord, the glo - rious time, When, be -  
Eve - - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime, Shall the

2. { Then shall wars and tu - mults cease, Then be  
Right - eous - ness and joy and peace Un - dis -

Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in  
All his migh - ty acts re - cord, All his

neath Messi - ah's sway, }  
Saviour's voice o - bey; } Mightiest kings his power shall  
banished grief and pain; }  
turbid shall ev - er reign. } Bless we then our gracious

chains shall hurt no more.  
wondrous love pro - claim.

own, Hea - then tribes his name a - - dore;  
Lord, Ev - - er praise his glo - rious name;



## 329. JUBILEE OF THE WORLD. 7s. (176)

1. HARK! the song of jubilee!  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea  
 When it breaks upon the shore:  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God omnipotent shall reign;  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.
2. Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
 From the depth unto the skies,  
 Wakes—above, beneath, around—  
 All creation's harmonies!  
 See Jehovah's banner furled,  
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks: 't is done;  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdom of his Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway:  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away.  
 Then the end: beneath his rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

Montgomery.

- 
330. WAKE the song of jubilee:  
 Let it echo o'er the sea:  
 Now is come the promised hour,  
 Jesus reigns with sovereign power:  
 All ye nations, join and sing,  
 "Christ of lords and kings is King."  
 Let it sound from shore to shore,  
 "Jesus reigns for evermore."

## 331. REFUGE. 7s. Art. from MASON.

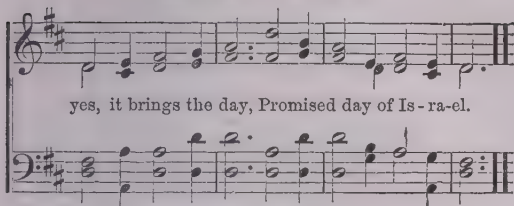
1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its

signs of prom-ise are: Trav-ler, o'er yon mountain's

height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star! Watch-man,

does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy foretell? Trav-ler,

## REFUGE. CONCLUDED.



2. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveller, ages are its own;  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

Bowring.



## 332. SAINTS IN GLORY. 7s, double.

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
 Crowns that never fade away,  
 Gird and deck the saints in light;  
 Priests and kings and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
 To the Lamb amid the throne;  
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
 Victory through his cross alone.

2. Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
 Crying, as they strike the chords,  
 "Take the kingdom; it is thine,  
 King of kings and Lord of lords."  
 Round the altar priests confess,  
 If their robes are white as snow,  
 'T was their Saviour's righteousness,  
 And his blood, that made them so.
3. Who are these? on earth they dwelt,  
 Sinners once of Adam's race;  
 Guilt and fear and suffering felt,  
 But were saved by sovereign grace.  
 They were mortal too like us:  
 Ah when we, like them, shall die,  
 May our souls, translated thus,  
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

Montgomery.



333. 1. FOR a season called to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.
2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer;  
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,  
 Let thy mercy and thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.
3. Then, if thou thy help afford,  
 Joyful songs to thee shall rise,  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who regards our humble cries.

Newton.

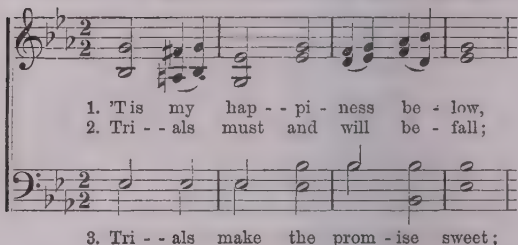
## 334. "BEHOLD THE MAN!" 7s, double.

Tune, REFUGE, No. 321.

1. JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,  
 Bearer of the sinner's load;  
 Breaker of the captive's chain,  
 Cleanser of the guilty's stain;  
 Thou the sinner's death hast died,  
 Thou for us wast crucified;  
 For our sin thy flesh was torn,  
 Thou our penalty hast borne.
2. Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,  
 Thou hast bought us with thy blood;  
 Thou hast wiped the debt away,  
 Nothing left for us to pay;  
 Nothing left for us to bear,  
 Nothing left for us to share,  
 But the pardon and the bliss,  
 But the love, the light, the peace.
3. I to thee will look and live,  
 And in looking, praises give.  
 Looking lightens, looking heals,  
 Looking all the gladness seals;  
 Looking breaks the binding chain,  
 Looking sets us free again;  
 Looking scatters all our night,  
 Makes our faces shine with light.
4. Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
 Bearer of the sinner's load,  
 I would rise to thee above,  
 I would look and praise and love;  
 Ever looking let me be  
 At the blood-besprinkled tree,  
 Blessing thee with lip and soul,  
 While the endless ages roll.

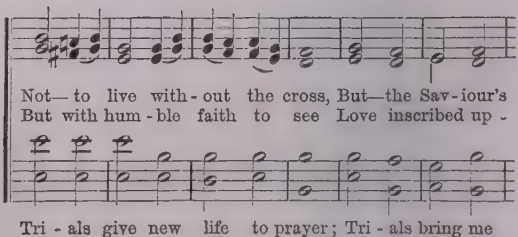
Bonar.

## 335. HOLLEY. 7s. (177) GEO. HEWS.



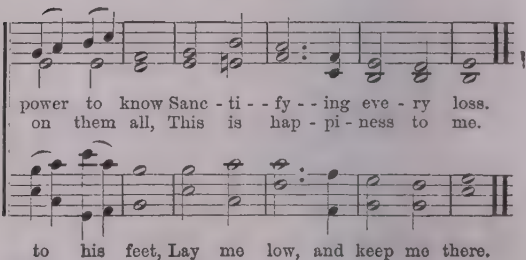
1. 'Tis my hap - - pi - ness be - low,  
 2. Tri - - als must and will be - fall;

3. Tri - - als make the prom - ise sweet;



Not—to live with-out the cross, But—the Sav-iour's  
 But with hum-ble faith to see Love inscribed up -

Tri - als give new life to prayer; Tri - als bring me



power to know Sanc - ti - - fy - - ing eve - ry loss.  
 on them all, This is hap - pi - ness to me.

to his feet, Lay me low, and keep me there.

**336. MORNING PRAYER. 7s. (178)**

1. NOW the shades of night are gone,  
Now the morning light is come;  
Lord, we would be thine to-day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt and clear our sight:  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help us labor, help us pray.
3. Keep our wayward passions bound,  
Save us from our foes around;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
4. When our work of life is past,  
Oh receive us all at last;  
Sin's dark night shall be no more  
When we reach the heavenly shore. **Hart. Col.**

**337. EVENING ASPIRATIONS. 7s.**

1. SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with thee.
2. Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee. **Doane.**

That kind eye which cannot sleep,  
These defenceless hours shall keep;  
By my heavenly Father blest,  
Thus I give my powers to rest.

## 338. AMSTERDAM. 7s &amp; 6s. DR. NARES.

1. { Time is wing-ing us a-way To  
Life is but a win-ter's day, A

our e-ter-nal home; }  
jour-ney to the tomb. } Youth and vig-or soon will flee,

Bloom-ing beau-ty lose its charms; All that's mor-tal

soon will be En-closed in death's cold arms.



2. Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home:  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb:  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above,  
Far beyond the world's alloy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

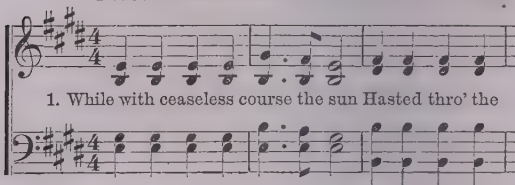
Burton.

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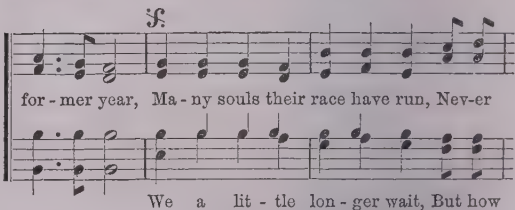
**339. THE PILGRIM'S SONG. 7s & 6s. (181)**

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Towards heaven, thy native place:  
Sun and moon and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
2. Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun—  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon your Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given;  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven. Madan's Col.

## 340. BENEVENTO. 7s. Double. WEBBE.




1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted thro' the



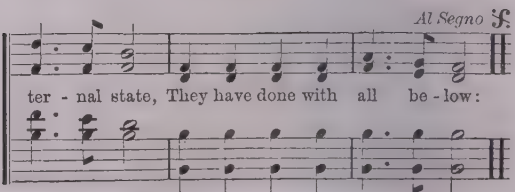
for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how



more to meet us here: Fixed in an e -

lit - tle none can know.



ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan.  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

Robinson.



**280. THE GOD OF ZION. 8s, 7s, & 4s.**

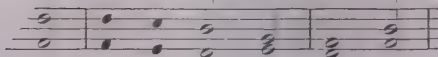
1. ZION stands, by hills surrounded—  
 Zion, kept by power divine:  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine.  
 Happy Zion,  
 What a favored lot is thine!
2. Every human tie may perish,  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove,  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
3. In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright;  
 But can never cease to love thee,  
 Thou art precious in his sight:  
 God is with thee—  
 God thy everlasting light.

Kelly.

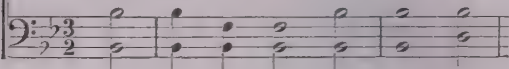


- 281. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us;**  
 Much we need thy tender care:  
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use thy folds prepare.  
 Blesséd Jesus!  
 Thou hast bought us—thine we are.

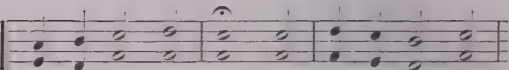
## SONGS OF ZION.

2. STATE-STREET. S. M. WOODMAN.  
(182)

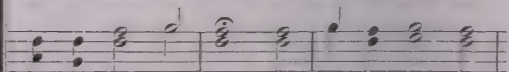
1. The day is past and gone, The  
2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up -



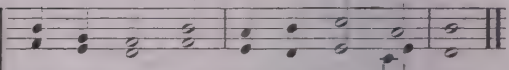
3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se -



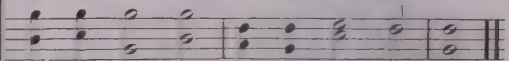
even- ing shades ap - pear; Oh, may we all re -  
on our beds to rest; So death will soon dis -



cure from all our fears; May an - gels guard us



mem - ber well The night of death draws near.  
robe us all Of what is here pos - sessed.



while we sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

4. And when we early rise  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize  
And after glory run.
5. And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.



**343. UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE. S. M. (183)**

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines at thy command.
2. The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
Oh make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
3. Since on this wingéd hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken, by thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.
4. One thing demands our care;  
Oh be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
5. To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light;  
Lest life's young golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

Doddridge.

## 344. AHIRA. S. M.

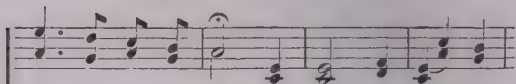
ROOT and SWEETZER's Col.



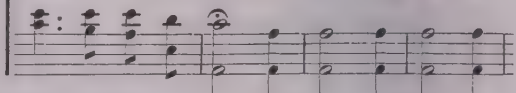
1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be -  
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It



3. I hear thy word with love, And



gins his glo - rious way: His beams through all the  
spreads di - vin - er light; It calls dead sin - ners



I would fain o - bey: Send thy good Spir - it



na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.  
from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.



from a - bove, To guide me, lest I stray.

4. While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

Watts.



## 345. WORSHIP. S. M.

1. COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing;  
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
 The universal King.
2. Come, worship at his throne;  
 Come, bow before the Lord;  
 We are his work, and not our own;  
 He formed us by his word.
3. To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod;  
 Come like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God.

Watts.



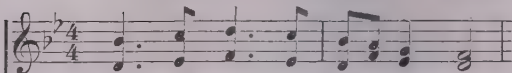
## 346. WATCH AND PRAY. S. M.

1. YE servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of His heavenly word,  
 And watchful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame;  
 Gird up your loins as in his sight,  
 For awful is his name.
3. Oh happy servant he  
 In such a posture found!  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honor crowned.

Doddridge.

## 347. ZADOC. 7s, 6 lines.

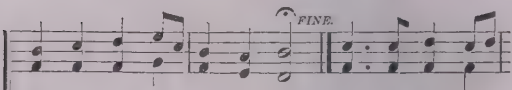
HASTINGS.



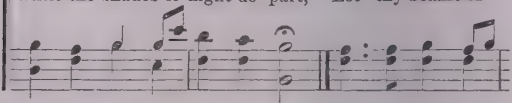
1. In this calm, im - pres - sive hour,  
 2. With this morn - ing's ear - ly ray,



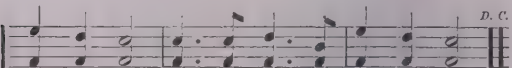
Hear me from thy lof - ty throne,  
 Now o'er all my steps pre - side,



Let my prayer as - cend on high; God of mer - cy  
 While the shades of night de - part, Let thy beams of



For the sake of Christ thy Son.  
 And for all my wants pro - vide.



God of power, Hear me when to thee I cry:  
 light con - vey Joy and glad - ness to my heart:





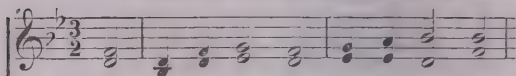
3. Oh what joy that word affords,  
    "Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth!"  
King of kings and Lord of lords,  
    Send thy gospel heralds forth:  
Now begin thy boundless sway,  
Usher in the glorious day.
- 

## 348. EVENING. 7s.

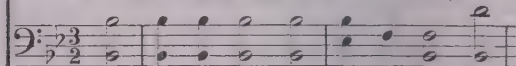
1. NOW from labor and from care  
    Evening shades have set me free;  
In the work of praise and prayer,  
    Lord, I would converse with thee:  
Oh behold me from above,  
    Fill me with a Saviour's love.
2. Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,  
    Wither all my earthly joys;  
Naught can charm me here below  
    But my Saviour's melting voice:  
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;  
    Make me thine for evermore.
3. For the blessings of this day,  
    For the mercies of this hour,  
For the gospel's cheering ray,  
    For the Spirit's quickening power,  
Grateful notes to thee I raise,  
    Oh accept my song of praise.
- 

349. PRAISE the name of God most high;  
Praise him, all below the sky;  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
As through countless ages past,  
Evermore his praise shall last.

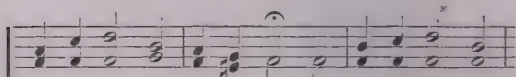
## 350. HEBRON. L. M. (184) L. MASON.



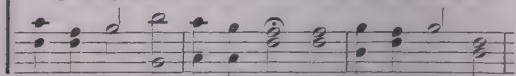
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus  
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And



3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace  
4. Thus when the night of death shall come, My



far his power prolongs my days; And eve-ry eve-ning  
I per-haps am near my home; But he for-gives my



is the pil-low for my head; While well-ap-point-ed  
flesh shall rest beneath the ground, And wait thy voice to



shall make known Some fresh memo-ri- al of his grace.  
fol-lies past, He gives me strength for days to come.



an-gels keep Their watch-ful sta-tions round my bed.  
rouse my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound.

**351. THIS IS NOT OUR REST. L. M. (185)**

1. HOW vain is all beneath the skies,  
How transient every earthly bliss;  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!
2. The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—  
The glory of a passing hour!
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a land whose confines lie  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4. Then let the hope of joys to come  
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:  
If God be ours, we're travelling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.

Pratt's Col.

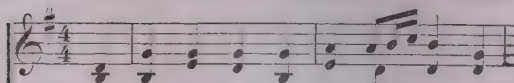
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**352. SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. L. M.**

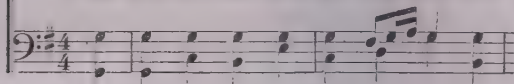
1. DEEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;  
Behold the rising billows roll  
To overwhelm his holy soul.
2. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove:  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
3. Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live:  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame. Watts.

## 353. TALLIS' HYMN. L. M.

TALLIS.



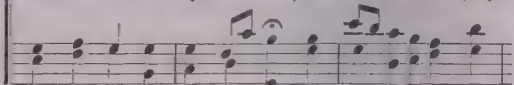
1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For  
 2. For-give me, Lord, thro' thy dear Son, The



3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The



all the blessings of the light: Keep me, Oh, keep me,  
 ill which I this day have done; That with the world, my -



grave as lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that



King of kings, Beneath the shad - ow of thy wings.  
 self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.



so I may Rise glo-rious at thy judgment-day.

4. Be thou my guardian while I sleep,  
Thy watchful station near me keep;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.
5. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Kenn.



### 354. A MORNING HYMN. L. M.

1. GOD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
2. From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
3. Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil  
The appointed duties of the day;  
With ready mind and active will,  
March on and keep my heavenly way.
4. But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wild maze  
To fellow every wandering star.
5. Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this. Watts.

## 355. ROLLAND. L. M. (186) BRADBURY.

1. My God, how end - less is thy love; Thy  
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great

gifts are eve - ry eve - ning new; And morning mer - cies  
Guardian of my sleep - ing hours; Thy sov'reign word re -

from a - bove Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly  
stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy .

dew, Gent - ly dis - til like ear - ly dew.  
powers, And quick - ens all my drow - sy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Watts.
- 

**356. THE CIRCLING YEAR. L. M. (187)**

1. GREAT God, we sing thy mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand:  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own:  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Doddridge.

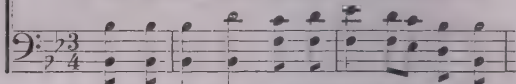
**357. THE LORD'S DAY. L. M. (188)**

1. LORD of the Sabbath and its light,  
I hail thy hallowed day of rest;  
It is my weary soul's delight,  
The solace of my care-worn breast.
2. O Jesus, let me ever hail  
Thy presence with the day of rest;  
Then shall thy servant never fail  
To prove thy Sabbaths doubly blest.

## 358. STOCKWELL. 8s &amp; 7s. D. E. JONES.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er  
 2. Oh the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the



3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our  
 4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the



round my low - ly door; Si - lent - ly they bring be -  
 world be oft for - got; Oh the shroud - ed and the



spir - its on - ly blend, They, un - linked with earth - ly  
 stars when storms are past; Pointing up to that far



fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.  
 lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.



trou - ble, We still hop - ing for its end.  
 heav - en We may hope to gain at last.



**359. EVENING PETITIONS. 8s & 7s.**

1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our eyelids seal:  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art one who, never weary,  
Watchest where thy people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Edmeston.

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**360. EVENING OF LIFE. 8s & 7s.**

1. TARRY with me, O my Saviour,  
For the day is passing by;  
See, the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.
2. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.
3. Tarry with me, O my Saviour;  
Lay my head upon thy breast  
Till the morning, then awake me—  
Morning of eternal rest.

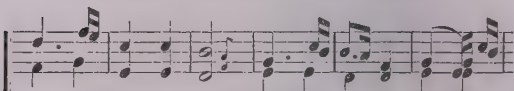
361. WEBER. 7s. Arr. from WEBER.



1. Praise to God, im-mor - tal praise, For the  
 2. Flocks that whit-en all the plain, Yel-low



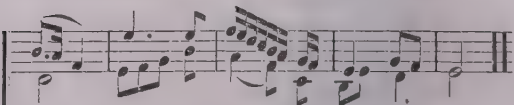
3. All that spring with bounteous hand Scat-ters



love that crowns our days; Bounteous source of eve - ry  
 sheaves of ripened grain; Clouds that drop their fat-'ning



o'er the smil-ing land; All that lib -'ral au-tumn



joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.  
 dews, Suns that temp -'rate warmth dif - fuse:



pours From her rich o'er - flow - ing stores:

4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise;  
 And when every blessing's flown,  
 Love thee for thyself alone.

Barbault.

**362. PUBLIC WORSHIP. 7s.**

1. LORD, we come before thee now,  
 At thy feet we humbly bow:  
 Oh do not our suit disdain;  
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
 In compassion now descend;  
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
3. Send some message from thy word  
 That may joy and peace afford;  
 Let thy Spirit now impart  
 Full salvation to each heart.

Hammond.

**363. LIFE AND IMMORTALITY. 7s.**

1. MORNING breaks upon the tomb,  
 Jesus scatters all its gloom;  
 Day of triumph through the skies—  
 See the glorious Saviour rise.
2. Ye who are of death afraid,  
 Triumph in the scattered shade;  
 Drive your anxious cares away;  
 See the place where Jesus lay.
3. Christian, dry your flowing tears,  
 Chase your unbelieving fears;  
 Look on his deserted grave;  
 Doubt no more his power to save.

Collyer.

## 364 LANESBORO. C. P. M. (189)

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To

mourn-ing wand'-rers giv'n; There is a joy for

souls dis - tressed, A balm for eve - - ry

wound - ed breast; 'Tis found a - - lone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.
3. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye  
To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.
4. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given:  
There rays divine disperse the gloom;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven. W. B. Tappan.

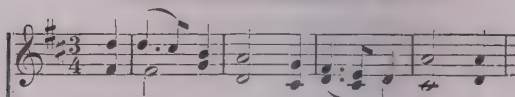
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### 365. LORD'S DAY MORNING. C. M.

1. EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
3. I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine:  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine!
4. Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice  
As thy forgiving love.


Watts.

## 366. COLCHESTER. C. M.



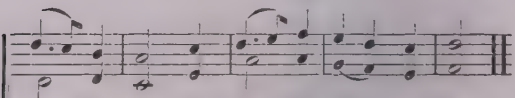
1. Lord, in the morn - ing thou shalt hear My  
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To

3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The



voice as - cend - ing high; To thee will I di -  
plead for all his saints, Pre - sent - ing at his

wick - ed shall not stand; Sin - ners shall ne'er be



rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye:  
Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.

thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
5. Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

Watts.



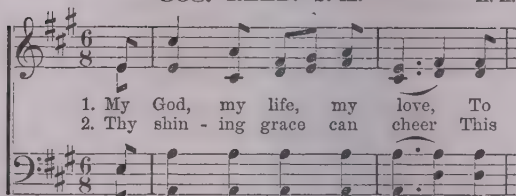
## 367. A MORNING SONG. C. M.

1. ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes my waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules the skies.
2. Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
3. 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
4. A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.
5. Great God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

Watts.


## 368. REED. S. M.

H. K.



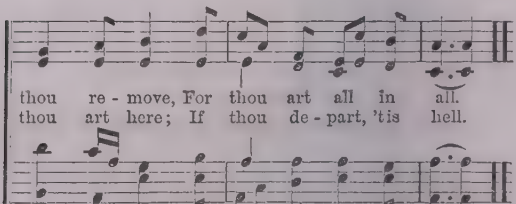
1. My God, my life, my love, To  
 2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This

3. Not all the harps a - - bove Can  
 4. Nor earth nor all the sky Can



thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if  
 dun-geon where I dwell; 'Tis par - - a - disc when

make a heaven-ly place, If God his res - - i -  
 one de - light af - ford; No, not a drop of



thou re - move, For thou art all in all.  
 thou art here; If thou de - part, 'tis hell.

dence re - move, Or but con - ceal his face.  
 re - - al joy, With - out thy pres-ence, Lord. Watta.



**369. THE LORD'S FEAST-DAY. S. M.**

1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
2. The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love and praise and pray.
3. One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
4. My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

Watts.

**370. WAITING ON GOD. S. M.**

1. MINE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.
2. When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wandering feet have trod?
3. Oh keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have placed my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

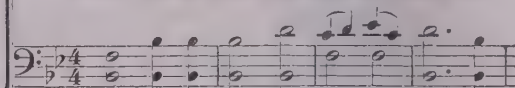
Watts.

## 371. PECK. C. M.

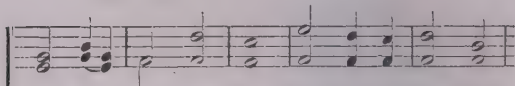
H. K.



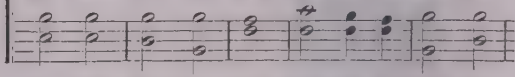
1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He  
 2. To-day he rose and left the dead, And



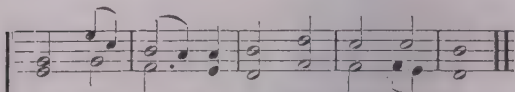
3. Ho-san-na to th'a-noint-ed King, To



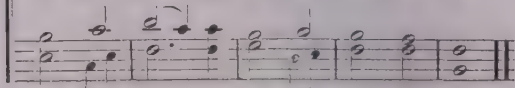
calls the hours his own; Let heaven rejoice, let  
 Sa-tan's em-pire fell: To-day the saints his



Da-vid's ho-ly Son: Help us, O Lord; de-



earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.  
 tri-umphs spread, And all his won-ders tell.



scend and bring Sal-va-tion from thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise. Watts.



## 372. GOING TO CHURCH. C. M.

1. HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day."
2. Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
3. He hears our praises and complaints;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble, and rejoice.
4. Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest:  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
5. My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
Here God my Saviour reigns. Watts.

## 373. "HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL." C. L. M.

HASTINGS.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 6/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That' are written below the treble staff.

gilds the sacred tomb Where once the Crucified was borne, And

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'gilds the sacred tomb Where once the Crucified was borne, And' are written below the treble staff.

veiled in mid-night gloom! Oh weep no more the

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'veiled in mid-night gloom! Oh weep no more the' are written below the treble staff. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present above the treble staff.

Saviour slain: The Lord is risen; he lives a - - gain!

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the piece. The lyrics 'Saviour slain: The Lord is risen; he lives a - - gain!' are written below the treble staff. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present above the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

2. Ye mourning saints, dry every tear  
For your departed Lord:  
"Behold the place—he is not there,"  
The tomb is all unbarred:  
The gates of death were closed in vain:  
The Lord is risen; he lives again.
3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer  
Your early footsteps bend;  
The Saviour will himself be there,  
Your Advocate and Friend:  
Once by the law your hopes were slain,  
But now in Christ ye live again.
4. And when the shades of evening fall,  
When life's last hour draws nigh,  
If Jesus shines upon the soul,  
How blissful then to die!  
Since he has risen that once was slain,  
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Watts.

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### 374. CHRIST'S RESURRECTION. C. M.

Tune, PROCK, No. 371.

1. HOSANNA to the Prince of light,  
That clothed himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
2. See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh  
And triumph in his eyes.
3. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heaven, and all created things,  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Watts.

## 375. BROOKLYN. H. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Wel-come, delight-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred  
2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of

rest; I hail thy kind re-turn—Lord, make these moments  
grace: The sceptre, Lord, ex-tend, While saints address thy

blest: From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach im-  
face: Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and

mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.  
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

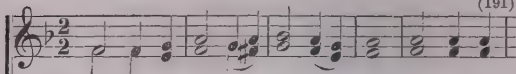
3. Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless the sacred hours:  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain. Hayward.
- 

**376. THE HOUSE OF GOD. H. M.**

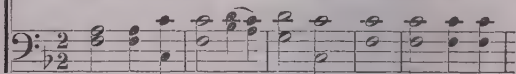
1. LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God.
2. Oh happy souls, that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
Oh happy men, that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.
3. They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
Oh glorious seat, when God our King  
Shall thither bring our willing feet!
4. To spend one sacred day  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside:  
Where God resorts, I love it more  
To keep the door, than shine in courts. Watts.

## 377. HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by MASON.

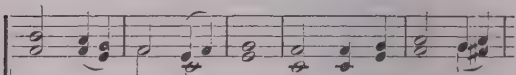
(191)



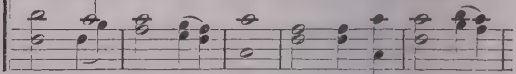
1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a  
2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor



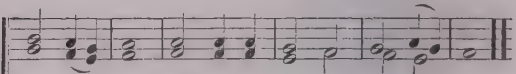
3. No rude a-larms of rag - ing foes ; No cares to  
4. Oh, long-ex-pect-ed day, be - gin ! Dawn on this



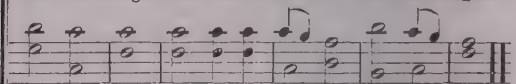
no - bler rest a - - bove : To that our long - ing  
death shall reach the place ; No groans shall min-gle



break the long re - pose ; No midnight shade, no  
world of woe and sin ; Fain would we leave this



souls as - pire, With ar-dent love and strong de - sire.  
with the songs Which warble from im - mor-tal tongues.



cloud-ed sun, But sacred, high, e - ter - nal noon.  
wea - ry road, To sleep in death, and rest in God.



## 378. SLEEPING IN JESUS. L. M. (192)

1. HOW blest the righteous when he dies!  
     When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
     How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
     How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
2. So fades a summer cloud away;  
     So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
     So gently shuts the eye of day;  
     So dies the wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,  
     A calm which life nor death destroys;  
     Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
     Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
     Where lights and shades alternate dwell:  
     How bright th' unchanging morn appears!  
     Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
     Light from its load the spirit flies,  
     While heaven and earth combine to say,  
     " How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Barbault.

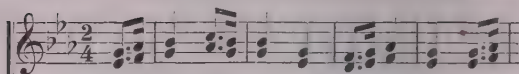
## 379. HAPPINESS IN HEAVEN. L. M. (196)

1. OH happy saints that dwell in light,  
     And walk with Jesus, clothed in white,  
     Safe landed on that peaceful shore  
     Where pilgrims meet to part no more!
2. They gaze upon his beauteous face,  
     And tell the wonders of his grace;  
     Or overwhelmed with rapture sweet,  
     Sink down adoring at his feet.

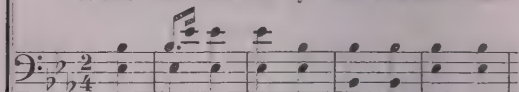
Berridge.

## 380. ORFORD. L. M.

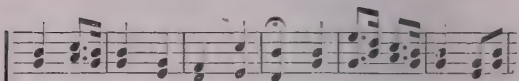
L. MASON.



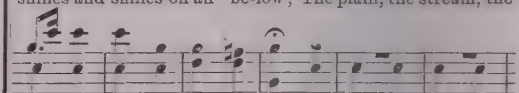
1. How sweet the light of Sab-bath eve, How  
2. The time how love-ly and how still! Peace



3. Sea - son of rest! the tran-quil soul Feels



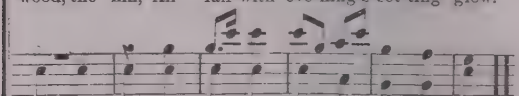
soft the sunbeams ling'ring there : For these bles. hours the  
shines and smiles on all be-low ; The plain, the stream, the



the sweet calm, and melts to love ; And while these sacred



world I leave, Waft-ed on wings of praise and prayer.  
wood, the hill, All fair with eve-ning's set-ting glow.



mo-ments roll, Faith sees a smil-ing heav'n a - bove.

4. Nor will our days of toil be long;  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God. Edmeston.
- 

**381. A PSALM FOR THE SABBATH. L. M.**

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
Oh may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels, how divine!
4. But I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
5. Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

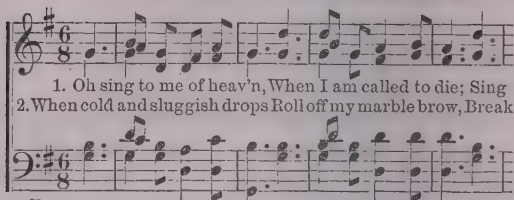
Watts.

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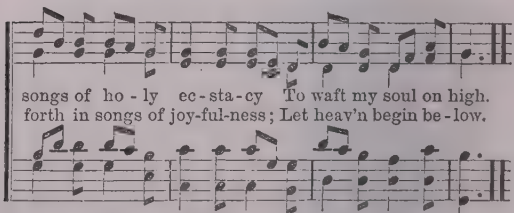
**382. HEAVEN LONGED FOR. L. M.**

1. AT anchor laid, remote from home,  
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!  
Celestial Breeze, no longer stay,  
But swell my sails and speed my way."

## 383. NO SORROW THERE. S. M. DUNBAR.

*Chorus.*

There'll be no sorrow there, There'll be no sorrow there; In



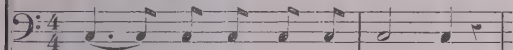
heav'n above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

3. When the last moments come,  
Oh watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
Which o'er my features plays.
4. Then to my raptured ear  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.
5. When round my senseless clay  
Assemble those I love,  
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.

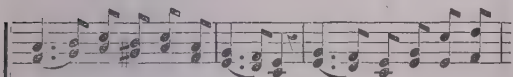
## 384. WILL YOU MEET US?



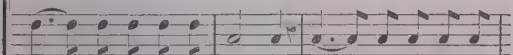
1. Say, broth-ers, will you meet us,  
2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,



3. Je - sus lives and reigns for ev - - - er,  
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - - lu - - - iah,



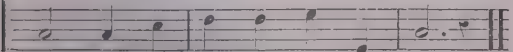
Say, brothers, will you meet us, Say, brothers, will you  
By the grace of God we'll meet you, By the grace of God we'll



Je-sus lives and reigns for ever, Jesus lives and reigns for  
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - iah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le -



meet us On Ca - naan's hap - py shore?  
meet you Where part - ing is no more.



ev - - er On Ca - naan's hap - py shore.  
lu - - iah For ev - - er, ev - - er more.

## 385. WOOLSEY. L. M. 6 H. KINGSBURY.

1. When gath'ring clouds around I view, And days are dark and

friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex -

perienced eve-ry hu-man pain: He sees my wants, al -

lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

330

2. When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,  
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.
3. And Oh, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside  
My dying bed, for thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

Grant.

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### 386. NEARER HOME. S. M.

Tune, NO SORROW THERE, No. 323.

1. ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
'Tis that I'm nearer home to-day  
Than e'er I've been before;
2. Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the solemn judgment throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea;
3. Nearer the bound where life  
Shall lay its burdens down;  
Where I shall leave my ill-borne cross,  
And take my blood-bought crown.
4. Saviour, perfect my trust,  
Confirm my feeble faith,  
And teach me fearlessly to stand  
Upon the shore of death.

## 387. CHINA. C. M. (193)

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or  
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward too, As

3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their  
4. The graves of all the saints he blest, And

shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the voice that  
fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the

bod - ies to the tomb? There the dear flesh of  
soft - ened eve - ry bed: Where should the dy - ing

Je - - sus sends To call them to his arms.  
hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

Je - - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.  
mem - bers rest, But with their dy - - ing Head?



5. Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord his saints shall fly,  
At the great rising day.
6. Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Watts.

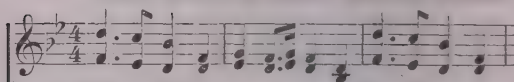


## 338. A PROSPECT OF HEAVEN. C. M. (194)

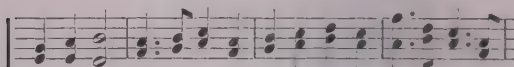
1. THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
4. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And view the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes;
5. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

Watts.

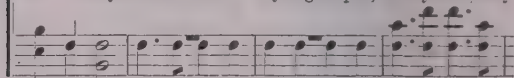
## 389. WHAT IS LIFE? 8s &amp; 7s. HASTINGS.



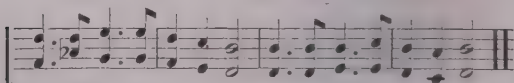
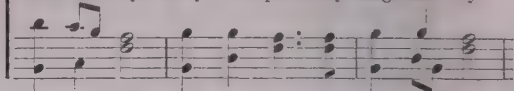
1. What is life? 't is but a va-por, Soon it van-ish -



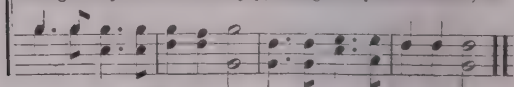
es a-way : Life is but a dy-ing ta-per, O my soul, why



wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly



Straight to yonder world of joy, Straight to yonder world, etc.



2. See that glory, how resplendent!  
Brighter far than fancy paints;  
There, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.  
Why not spread thy wings and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy?
3. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of his love;  
Through the heavens his praise resounding,  
Filling all the courts above.  
Why not spread thy wings, etc.
4. Go and share his people's glory,  
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;  
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,  
One that angels love to hear.  
Why not spread thy wings, etc.

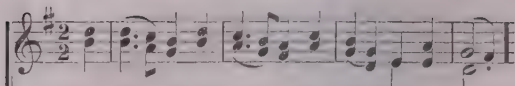
**390. THE DEAD IN CHRIST. C. M.**

Tune, CHINA, No. 387.

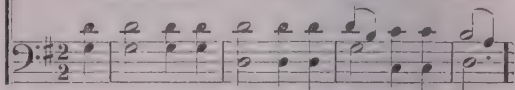
1. HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,  
For all the pious dead:  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
2. They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suffering and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

Watts.

## 391. GOSHEN. 11s.



1. Oh eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore,  
 2. When looking to Je - sus, I go not a - stray,

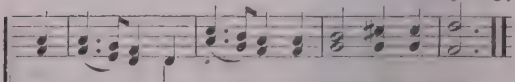


Look off un - to Je - sus, and sor - row no more;  
 My eyes are up - on him, he shows me the way;



That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.  
 But fol - low - ing Je - sus, I can - not go wrong.

*Al Segno.*



The light of his coun - te - nance shin - eth so bright,  
 The path may seem dark as he leads me a - long,



3. While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear;  
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near:  
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,  
For "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.
4. Still looking to Jesus Oh may I be found,  
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:  
They'll bear me away in his presence to be,  
And see him still nearer whom always I see.
5. Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus my Lord, when I stand face to face—  
Shall know how his love went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.



## 392. HOME IN HEAVEN. 11s.

1. MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here;  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?  
Be hushed, my dark spirit; the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this;  
I seek for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not recline upon roses below;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

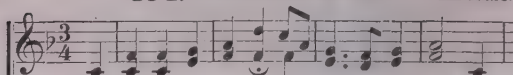
## 393.



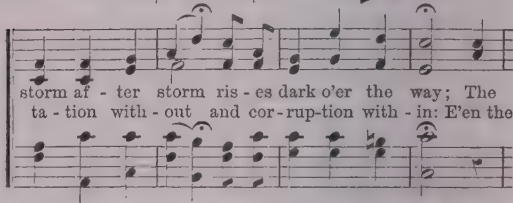
O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,  
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,  
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,  
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

## 394. FREDERICK. 11s.

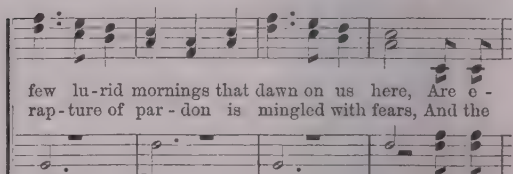
KINGSLEY.



1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where  
 2. I would not live al-way, thus fettered by sin; Temp-



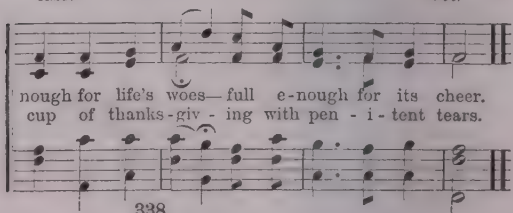
storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The  
 ta - tion with - out and cor - rup - tion with - in: E'en the



few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e -  
 rap - ture of par - don is mingled with fears, And the

INST.

VOC.



nough for life's woes—full e-nough for its cheer.  
 cup of thanks-giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.

3. I would not live always; no—welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
4. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
    plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
5. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Muhlenberg.

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### 395. WEARY. 11s.

1. I AM weary of straying—O fain would I rest  
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;  
Where sin can no longer its blandishments spread,  
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.
2. I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue—  
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew.  
I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
3. I am weary of loving what passes away:  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay;  
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
4. I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love:  
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence above?  
I am weary, but Oh, let me never repine [mine.  
While thy word and thy love and thy promise are

## 396. HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. { Out on an o - - cean all bound-less we  
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less

Prom - ise of which on us each he be -

*FINE.*

ride, We're homeward bound, home - ward bound. }  
tide, We're homeward bound, home - ward bound. }

stowed; We're homeward bound, home - ward bound.

Far from the safe qui - et har - bor we've rode,

Seek - ing our Fa - ther's co - les - tial a - bode,



2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
We're homeward bound;  
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
We're homeward bound.  
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;  
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;  
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail:  
We're homeward bound.
3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
We're homeward bound;  
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,  
We're homeward bound.  
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,  
Join in our number, Oh come and be blest;  
Journey with us to the mansions of rest:  
We're homeward bound.
4. Into the harbor of heaven we glide,  
We're home at last;  
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
We're home at last.  
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;  
We stand secure on the glorified shore:  
"Glory to God" we will shout evermore;  
We're home at last.
- 

**397. ETERNITY. L. M. 6 lines.**

Tune, WOOLSEY, No. 385.

Eternity, eternity!  
How long art thou, eternity!  
As long as God is God, so long  
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,  
So long the joys of heaven remain;  
Oh lasting joy, Oh lasting pain!

## 398. GOLDEN SHORE. 8s &amp; 7s.

BRADBURY.

1. { We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,  
We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,

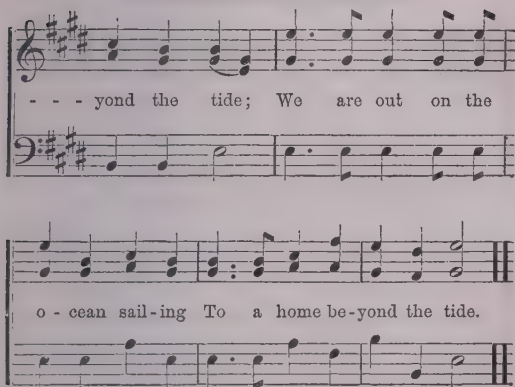
CHORUS.  
Homeward bound, we sweetly glide; }  
To a home be - yond the tide. { All the storms will

soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing To a home be -

# DEATH AND ETERNITY.

## GOLDEN SHORE. CONCLUDED.



- - - yond the tide; We are out on the

o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed  
Over on the golden shore:  
Millions more are on their journey,  
Yet there's room for millions more.  
All the storms, etc.
3. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes  
Gently waft our vessel on;  
All on board are sweetly singing—  
Free salvation is the song.  
All the storms, etc.
4. When we all are safely anchored,  
We will shout—our trials o'er!  
We will walk about the city,  
And we'll sing for evermore.  
All the storms, etc.

**399. BOOTH.**

H. K.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is  
gone; We shall meet a - round his throne When he  
makes his peo - ple one In the new Je - ru - sa -  
lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem; When he

## DEATH AND ETERNITY.

### BOOTH. CONCLUDED.



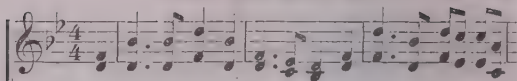
makes his people one, In the new Je-ru-sa - lem.



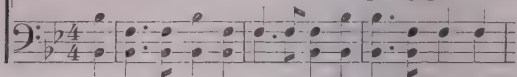
2. We can see that distant home,  
Though clouds roll dark between;  
Faith views the radiant dome,  
And a lustre flashes keen  
From the new Jerusalem.
3. Oh glory shining far  
From the never-setting sun;  
Oh trembling morning star,  
Our journey's almost done  
To the new Jerusalem.
4. Oh holy, heavenly home;  
Oh rest eternal there;  
When shall the exiles come,  
Where they cease from earthly care,  
In the new Jerusalem.
5. Our hearts are breaking now  
Those mansions fair to see;  
O Lord, thy heavens bow,  
And raise us up with thee  
To the new Jerusalem.

## 400. RHINE. C. M.

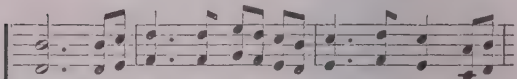
GERMAN.



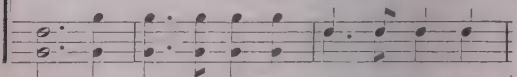
1. Je-rusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to  
2. When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls  
And pearly gates be -



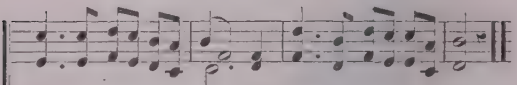
3. Oh when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts as -



me, When shall my la - bors have an end In  
hold? Thy bul-warks, with sal - va - tion strong, And



cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And



joy and peace and thee? In joy and peace and thee?  
streets of shin-ing gold? And streets of shin-ing gold?



Sab-baths have no end? And Sab-baths have no end?

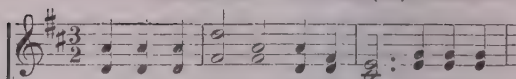
4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.
5. Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

**401. THE EVERLASTING SONG. C. M.**

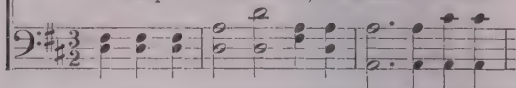
1. EARTH has engrossed my love too long;  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne  
And to my native skies.
2. There the blest Man, my Saviour, sits;  
The God, how bright he shines;  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
3. Seraphs, with elevated strains  
Circle the throne around,  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
4. Jesus the Lord their harps employs;  
Jesus, my love, they sing;  
Jesus, the life of all our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.
5. Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,  
Here's joyful work for you.

Watts.

## 402. REST. L. M. (195) BRADBURY.



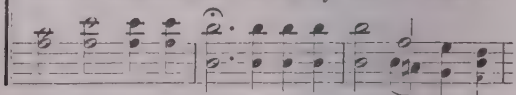
1. A - sleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none  
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh, how sweet To be for



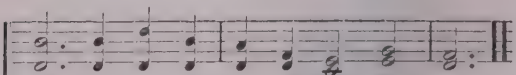
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking  
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh for me May such a



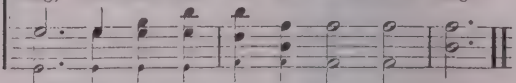
ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - disturbed re -  
such a slum - ber meet: With ho - ly con - fi - dence to



is su - preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that  
bliss - ful ref - uge be: Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es



pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
sing, That death has lost its ven - omed sting.



hour, That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's power.  
lie, And wait the sum - mons from on high.



## 403. ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M. (197)

1. WHY should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away:  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

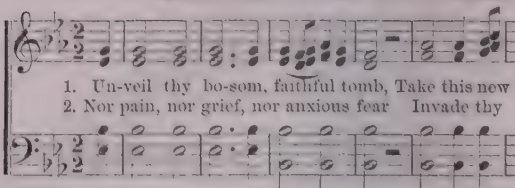
Watts.

## 404. DEPARTURE. L. M.

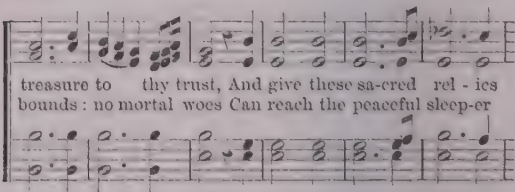
1. THE hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home;  
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.
2. Not in mine innocence I trust;  
I bow before thee in the dust;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone,  
I look for mercy at thy throne.
3. I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I held so dear;  
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.

## 405. SAUL. L. M.

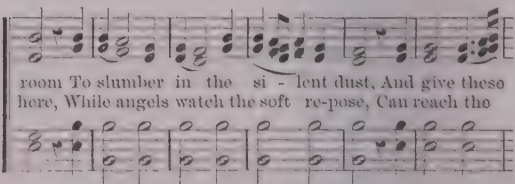
HANDEL.



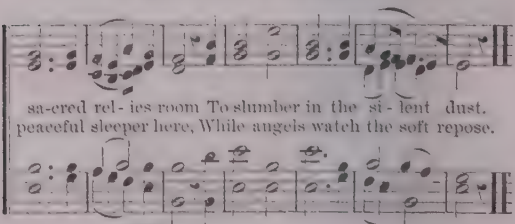
1. Un-veil thy bo-som, faithful tomb, Take this new  
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear    Invade thy



treasure to    thy trust, And give these sa-cred    rel - ies  
bounds : no mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleep-er



room To slumber in the si - lent dust, And give these  
here, While angels watch the soft re-pose, Can reach the



sa-cred rel - ies room To slumber in the si - lent dust.  
peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.

3. So Jesus slept: God's dying Son  
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed:  
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn,  
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;  
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
Called to ascend and meet the Lord. Watts.
- 

## 406. PRAISE TO THE CREATOR. L. M.

Tune, MONMOUTH, No. 5.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and he destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
3. We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
5. Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

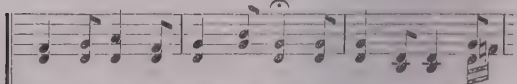
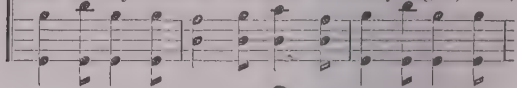
## 407. EVENING BELLS. L. M. 6 lines. ARR.



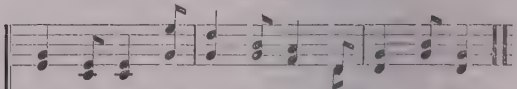
1. At evening time let there be light ; Life's little day draws
2. At evening time let there be light ; Stormy and dark hath



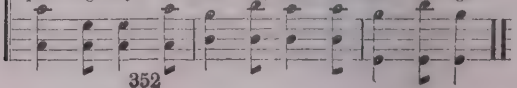
near its close ; A - round me fall the shades of night, The  
been my day : Yet rose the morn di - vinely bright ; Dews,



night of death, the grave's repose : To crown my joys, to  
birds, and blossoms cheered the way ; Oh for one sweet, one



end my woes, At even - ing time let there be light.  
part - ing ray ! At even - ing time let there be light.



3. At evening time there shall be light,  
For God hath spoken; it must be;  
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight:  
His glory now is risen on me;  
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;  
'T is evening time, and there is light.
- 

408. I'M GOING HOME. L. M. 6 lines.

1. MY heavenly home is bright and fair;  
Nor pain nor death can enter there;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.  
I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more.
2. My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky:  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.  
I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more.
3. Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.  
I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more.
4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be:  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.  
I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more.

## 409. HEBERT.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be

soon; Be-yond the wak-ing and the sleep-ing, Be-

yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.

2. Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home! etc.
3. Beyond the parting and the meeting, etc.,  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating, etc.
4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, etc.,  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the over and the never, etc. Bonar.



## 410. TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. L. M. 6 lines.

Tune, EVENING BELL, No. 407.

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye:  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry globe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## 411. BEULAH. 7s. (198)

E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright array—This in - numer -

a - - ble throng, Round the al - - tar night and day,  
Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain,

*FINE.*  
Hymning one tri - umph - ant song: "Wor - thy is the  
New do - min - ion eve - ry hour."

*Al Segno. ♪*  
Lamb once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,



2. These through fiery trials trod,  
     These from great affliction came;  
 Now before the throne of God,  
     Sealed with his almighty name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
     Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
     More than conquerors they stand.
3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
     On immortal fruits they feed;  
 Them the Lamb amid the throne  
     Shall to living fountains lead:  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
     Perfect love dispels all fears,  
 And for ever from their eyes  
     God shall wipe away the tears. Montgomery.



#### 412. HEAVEN UNVEILED. 7s. (199)

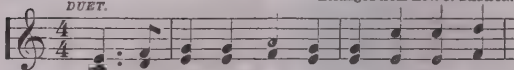
1. HIGH in yonder realms of light  
     Dwell the raptured saints above,  
 Far beyond our feeble sight,  
     Happy in Immanuel's love.  
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
     Once they knew, like us below,  
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
     Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
2. But these days of weeping o'er,  
     Past this scene of toil and pain,  
 They shall feel distress no more,  
     Never, never weep again.  
 Every tear is wiped away,  
     Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
 Night is lost in endless day,  
     Sorrow in eternal rest.

Raffles.

## 413. REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arranged from Rev. J. DADMUR.

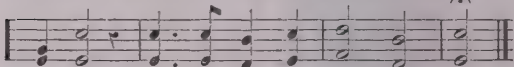
DUET.



1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re -
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e -
3. Death it - self shall then be vanquish'd, And his



mains a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be -  
 ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be  
 sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for glad-ness, O ye

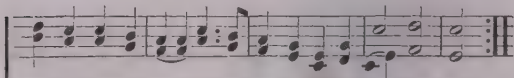
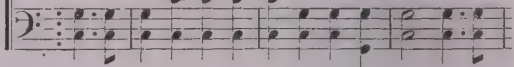


fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.  
 tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.  
 ran-somed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

CHORUS.



{ There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the  
 { On the oth-er side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of



weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you; }  
 Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }



## 414. REST IN CHRIST.

1. COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.  
There is rest for the weary, etc.
  2. Hither come, for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.  
There is rest, etc.
- 

## 415. THE ETERNAL HOME. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. THIS is not my place of resting,  
Mine's a city yet to come;  
Onward to it I am hasting,  
On to my eternal home.  
There is rest for the weary, etc.
2. In it all is light and glory,  
O'er it shines a nightless day;  
Every trace of sin's sad story,  
All the curse hath passed away.
3. There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us  
By the streams of life along,  
On the freshest pastures feeds us,  
Turns our sighing into song.
4. Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
Soon we bid farewell to pain;  
Never more are sad or weary,  
Never, never sin again.

Bonar.

## 416. SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root

From SABBATH HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, by permission.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim

*§*

stran-ger, Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those

just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We

*FINE. CHORUS.*

hours of toil and dan-ger: For Oh, we stand on

may al-most dis-cov-er.

*Al Segno §*

Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver; And

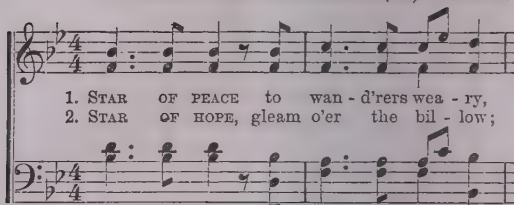
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
"Let every lamp be burning."  
For Oh, we stand, etc.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.  
For Oh, we stand, etc.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever,  
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home  
For ever, Oh, for ever.  
For Oh, we stand, etc.



#### 417. THE SWEETEST NAME.

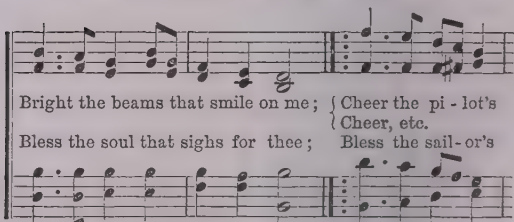
1. THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven,  
The name, before his wondrous birth,  
To Christ the Saviour given.  
CHO.—We love to sing around our King,  
And hail him "blessed Jesus;"  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as JESUS.
2. And when he hung upon the tree,  
They wrote his name above him,  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love him.—CHO.
3. So now upon his Father's throne,  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour JESUS.—CHO.

## 418. "FAR AT SEA." (200) HASTINGS.



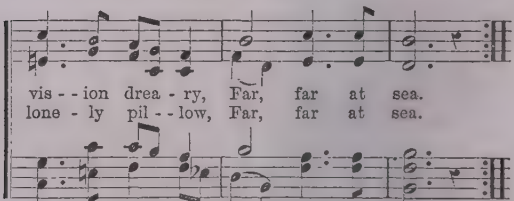
1. STAR OF PEACE to wan - d'ers wea - ry,  
2. STAR OF HOPE, gleam o'er the bil - low;

3. STAR OF FAITH, when winds are mock - ing  
4. STAR DI - VINE, Oh safe - - ly guide him,



Bright the beams that smile on me; { Cheer the pi - lot's  
Bless the soul that sighs for thee; { Cheer, etc.  
Bless the sail - or's

All his toil, he flies to thee: Save him, on the  
Bring the wanderer home to thee: Sore temp - ta - tions



vis - - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea.  
lone - ly pil - - low, Far, far at sea.

bil - - lows rock - ing, Far, far at sea.  
long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

FROM the PSALMIST.

## 419. "A LITTLE WHILE."

Tune, SHINING SHORE, No. 418.

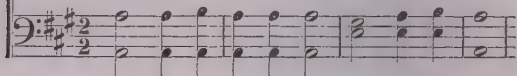
1. AND is it so? "A little while,"  
And then the life undying,  
The light of God's unclouded smile,  
The singing for the sighing!  
"A little while!" Oh glorious word,  
Sweet solace of our sorrow—  
And then "for ever with the Lord,"  
The everlasting morrow.
2. Then be it ours to journey on  
In paths that he decrees us,  
Where his own feet before have gone,  
Our strength, our hope, our Jesus;  
In lowly fellowship with him  
The cross appointed bearing;  
For Oh, a crown no grief can dim  
One day we shall be wearing.
3. "A little while," and He shall come,  
Light of our eyes, our longing;  
His own voice bid us welcome home,  
And we his people thronging  
Shall rest our hearts in his embrace  
Dear Refuge, ours for ever—  
Look upward to his blessed face,  
And fear its hiding never.
4. Oh, 't will be passing sweet to gaze  
On him in all his glory,  
And lost in love and glad amaze,  
To shout redemption's story;  
Till angels bend to catch the strain  
Our human lips are swelling,  
And "Worthy is the Lamb once slain"  
Resounds through heaven's high dwelling.

## 420. NEARER TO THEE.

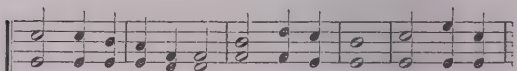
R.



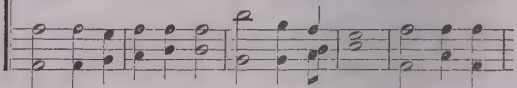
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee:  
 2. Though like a wan-der - er, Day - light all gone,



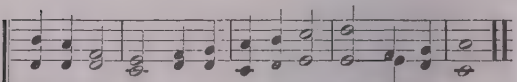
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps up to heaven;



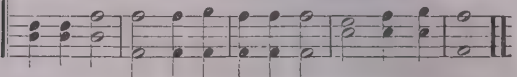
E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my  
 Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my



All that thou sendest me In mer-cy given, An-gels to



song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.  
 dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.



beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.



4. Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be, etc.
5. Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be, etc.



## 421. JOYS OF HEAVEN. L. M.

1. DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:
2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll:  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
3. Oh for a sight, a blissful sight  
Of our almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
4. Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above;  
And stand and bow among them there,  
And view thy face, and sing and love? Watts.

## 422. DE FLEURY. 8s.

1. Ye an-gels who stand round the throne, And  
2. Ye saints who stand nearer than they, And

view my Im-manu-el's face, In rapturous songs make him  
cast your bright crowns at his feet, His grace and his glory dis-

When others sunk down in de -  
For you he was mighty to

known; Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise: He  
play, And all his rich mer - cy re - peat: He

spair, Con-firmed by his pow - er, ye stood.  
save, Al - migh - ty to bring you safe there.

*Al Segno*

form'd you the spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good;  
snatch'd you from hell and the grave,  
He ransomed from death and despair:

3. Oh when will the period appear  
 When I shall unite in your song?  
 I'm weary of lingering here,  
 And I to your Saviour belong.  
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay,  
 I struggle and pant to be free;  
 I long to be soaring away,  
 My God and my Saviour to see.
4. I want to put on my attire,  
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;  
 I want to be one of your choir,  
 And tune my sweet harp to his name:  
 I want, Oh I want to be there,  
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
 Your joy and your friendship to share,  
 To wonder and worship with you.



De Fleury.

**423. LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST. 8s.**

1. TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone;  
 Oh bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to his throne.  
 My Saviour, whom absent I love,  
 Whom not having seen I adore,  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion, and power:
2. Dissolve thou the bands that detain  
 My soul from her portion in thee;  
 Oh strike off the adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free.  
 Then that happy era begins  
 When arrayed in thy glory I shine,  
 And no longer pierce with my sins  
 The bosom on which I recline.

Cowper.

## VERSES FOR SPECIAL USES.

424.

Tune, ZEPHYR, No. 214.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
Sinner, he prays for you and me.

---

425.

Tune, MOUNT CALVARY.

Hearts of stone, relent, relent!  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued.  
See his body, mangled, rent,  
Covered with a gore of blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Murdered God's eternal Son!

---

426.

Tune, GREENVILLE, No. 47.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine!  
Lord, I make a full surrender,  
Every power and thought be thine—  
Thine for ever,  
Through eternal ages thine.

---

427.

Tune, MERIBAH, No. 286.

Lord, thou hast won; at length I yield!  
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,  
Surrenders all to thee.  
Against thy terrors long I strove;  
But who can stand against thy love?  
Love conquers even me.

428.

Tune, LILY DALE.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid  
On thee—alone on thee!  
Thy precious blood the ransom paid;  
Thine all the glory be.  
O heaven, sweet heaven,  
Land of the blest!  
How I long to be there,  
In its glory to share,  
And rest on my Saviour's breast.

429.

S. S. tune ; or HAMBURG, No. 381.

Oh, who's like Jesus, who died on the tree!  
He died for you, he died for me,  
He died to set poor sinners free.  
Oh who's like Jesus, who died on the tree!

430.

Tune, SHINING SHORE, No. 416.

We'll sing the love of God above,  
Who sent his Son to save us;  
With sacrifice above all price,  
Eternal life he gave us.  
For Oh we stand, etc. .

431.

Tune, LYONS, No. 288.

How great is the love which Jesus hath shown!  
He came from above, from heaven's bright throne,  
That he might deliver poor sinners from hell,  
And take them for ever in glory to dwell.

432.

Tune, NO SORROW THERE, No. 383.

I'm glad salvation's free!  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
Salvation's free for you and me;  
I'm glad salvation's free!

433.

Tune, **HAPPY DAY**, No. 168.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.

Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away!  
 He taught me how to watch and pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day.

Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away!



434.

Tune, **HAPPY DAY**, No. 168.

Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found:  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

Happy day, happy day,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away! etc.



435.

Tune, **ROCKINGHAM**, No. 155.

O! happy pilgrims, spotless, fair,  
 What makes your robes so white appear?  
 Our robes are washed in Jesus blood,  
 And we are travelling home to God.



436.

Tune, **THE ANCHOR**.

We'll stem the storm; it wont be long,  
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# *Samuel Washington*

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# *True Service True*

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